AMERICA'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE FOR RADIO LISTENERS

Radio Guide

TELLS WHAT'S ON THE AIR – ANY TIME – DAY OR NIGHT

5¢

Vol. III - No. 34 Chicago
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Lillian Roth

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Telling Most
Intimate Facts
Of His Life

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A Dual Romance
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"Laughing Killer"
Complete Story
Of a Thrilling

NRA

The World's Parade

By Frederick Landis

Radio took us all to the Chicago Fair on opening day—millions of us!

We saw it all; we heard it all; we sensed it all, thanks to this materializing medium which reaches into empty air and brings forth parades, soldiers, sailors, horses, cannon, flags, bands, lagoons, sky-rides, statesmen, exhibits, gorgeous buildings, astonished multitudes and that blue inland sea we call "Lake Michigan".

It was a GREAT PARADE which marched down Michigan Avenue that opening day, down Michigan Avenue and on to the Exposition Gate and down to the AVENUE OF FLAGS!

The papers said it ended at the Avenue of Flags; but it didn't.

Led by the Unseen Marshal, Radio, that parade marched into millions of homes in city, town and out on the farm; it marched into countless offices in county seat and city; it MARCHED INTO THE HUTS OF FISHERMEN along the Atlantic, of miners, seeking gold in lonely stretches of the west, and out upon the decks of ships, plowing the seas.

Isolation Ended

And yes, it marched with softer tread into hospitals, filled with sickness and into refuges for the blind and in its miraculous arms it bore them to the city far away—*and gave them joy for the hour!*

One hundred and fourteen thousand were there "in person" that day when the gates of the exposition were opened, but something like *seventy-five millions of us were there in spirit.*

And as a result of what Radio told us, many of us will go later on.

But to get back to that parade—how thrilling it was—how colorful!

Ten thousand of them, in uniforms of every hue, with flags of every land, all keeping step—ten thousand of them weaving with their marching feet a rhythm that caught up the multitudes and carried them along in ecstasy.

Listen!—The Broadcast!—THEY'RE COMING!

Here they are; they're coming into the house! They march past the fireside and out and down the street and away again!

The mounted police, sitting like men who rode with Sheridan!—And those horses—quivering, leaping, sensitive, proud!

Then Radio's staccato voice: "THE FLAG IS PASSING!"

And in your home in far off Arizona, Connecticut, Tennessee or Minnesota you reach to remove your hat—but it is not there.

The Universal Marshal

The Grand Marshal and his staff!

You see it all, the glitter of it, the pageantry.

And then a blast of martial music that marches down the Avenue—and up your spine!

Chicago's Black Horse Troop—*there's quality there!*

And then divisions of soldiers and sprinkled in between the *fighting men* with helmets of steel—and faces of steel—the Governor, the Mayor, the President of the Fair—and later on a General and an Admiral, just for good measure.

Listen! There's cheer which ripples through the radio like the flutter of a ribbon of silver!

The Grand Army of the Republic!

It's just a little band of old men with white hair, but how they try to THROW OFF THEIR YEARS and stand erect!

Will they ride in carriages?

They will not!

Did they ride in carriages at Shiloh and Gettysburg!

Next comes the American Legion and its comrades of the battle front from Poland, Great Britain, Belgium, France and Italy!

And then there's a clutch at our hearts as the next unit in uniform comes marching past. It is the BOYS IN KHAKI, the boys from the high schools and the academies and we pray they MAY BE SPARED!

Did we say ten thousand of them in that parade?

We look at each other in our far-flung line of homes and offices.

Why it seems only a minute!

And with the multitudes which packed Chicago's Avenue from curb to building, we saw in that parade something larger, something finer than the glittering pageantry of marching men.

We saw the indomitable spirit of Chicago—Chicago, THE CITY THAT LAUGHS AT DISASTER!

Chicago, who one week can stage a fire which threatens her life and the next week stage an exposition which *commands the admiration of the world!*

Radio Lends A Helping Hand

We saw the city which with Spartan spirit stood erect two years ago amid the gloom of nation-wide depression and sent this ringing challenge forth: "I am paralyzed with unemployment; I am overwhelmed with debt; therefore, I am going to give the world the greatest exposition it ever saw!"

This SPIRIT OF BUNKER HILL is what the whole world saw last Saturday as that parade MARCHED DOWN MICHIGAN AVENUE.

Radio always will be grateful that it was given the opportunity to walk, hand in hand, with that audacious master-stroke which did more than any other one thing to *revive self-confidence among Americans.*

Radio always will be glad that from the first effort to build the exposition until its gates closed last November, it gave all it had—gave it with open hand and open heart—as one American to another—and it will do even more during this great Exposition of 1934.

In Marconi's Footsteps

And here's something with a most unusual appeal. Youthful amateurs of Radio will be there with equipment which they have made with their own wits and hands and they will be glad to *send a radiogram back home for you*—absolutely free!

Here's to these youthful amateurs of Radio—THE KIDS!—THE MARCONIS, THE DeFORESTS, THE EDISONS OF TOMORROW!

As it did last year, Radio will endeavor to picture for you, day by day, the bewildering spectacle of this Exposition; it will try to let you read the vari-colored pages of its glory; it will seek to interest you, as best it can, with the story of this magic, marvelous, man-made monument to science and to progress.

But even greater than the bewildering achievement which it has piled high in shimmering, iridescent glory upon the shore of Lake Michigan is the story of a CITY THAT REFUSED TO SURRENDER to disaster—a city which, finding no rainbow in the sky, made one of its own and flashing it upon the somber background of nation-wide calamity, BADE A NATION RISE AND RETURN TO ITS INHERITANCE.

Rudy Vallee's Questionnaire

By Rudy Vallee

Millions of Words Have Been Written About the Popular Crooner; and Now Comes This Intimate Close-up, Written by Himself

Hundreds of thousands of words have been written about Rudy Vallee. Writers, informed and uninformed, have pounded out reams of copy for the nation's presses, detailing the crooner's personal and professional life for millions of fans in his radio and motion picture audiences.

Radio Guide, however, has obtained a document more human than all of the others combined. It was written by Vallee himself, and reflects the personality of the man in a manner which has escaped the interpretation of professional writers.

The document rests in the files of the press department of the National Broadcasting Company. It is a questionnaire, duplicates of which are submitted to all NBC stars of prominence.

The questionnaire was answered by Vallee himself, painstakingly and neatly typed by his own musical finger. The questions were answered in 1932, after the crooner's marriage—before the unfortunate divorce proceedings linked his name to scandal and gossip, which he hates with greater passion than he ever has put into one of his love songs.

The questionnaire and Vallee's answers need no embellishment. Radio Guide, therefore, is presenting the document verbatim, without polishing. It surely reveals a seriousness, a singleness of purpose, for which he never has been credited.

The questions and answers follow:

Q. Name (Professional)? A. Rudy Vallee.

Q. Nickname (In the studios)? A. Rudy.

Q. Real Name? A. Hubert Prior Vallee.

Q. Addresses? A. Office 111 West 57th street, Phone Cir. 7-4680. Home 55 Central P. West.

Q. Do you have an NBC contract? A. Yes, with George Engles.

Q. Manager (If any, address)? A. None.

Q. Personal Press Agent, address (if any)? A. None.

Q. Talent (Contribution to radio—What do you do)? A. Direct an orchestra and sing popular songs.

Q. Your current programs? A. Fleischmann's Yeast Hour; Thursday—from 8 to 9, Eastern Daylight Time.

Q. Height? A. 6 feet. Q. Weight? A. 180 pounds. Q. Complexion? A. Light. Q. Hair? A. Brown.

Q. Where and when born? A. Island Pond, Vt. July 28, 1901.

Q. Parents—Who were they? Did their leanings or characteristics have any bearing on your radio success? Were they talented? A. Kathryn Lynch Vallee—Amateurishly musical—sang a bit and played a little violin. Charles Alphonse Vallee—was musical but never used his ability. Managed a theater as a side-line.

Q. Are other members of your family musically or dramatically inclined? A. Kathleen Vallee Lenneville (sister) plays piano and organ—and teaches piano.

Q. Marital Status (Wife's or husband's name)? A. Fay Webb Vallee.

Q. Children (names and ages)? A. None.

Radio History:

Q. First audition— A. No audition. First broadcast was from Heigh Ho Club in February, 1928, directing 7 piece orchestra as night club broadcast.

Q. First professional engagement. Any special circumstances? Anecdotes? Humorous incidents? A. Saxophone soloist at Strand Theater, Portland, Maine—1921. Had been head usher in same theater only 2 years previously. Chief electrician in the theater had given me my first alto sax. Rudy Wiedoeft was my idol—his records showed me solo possibilities, and I had begun studying solos assiduously. I had not learned the solo well enough for this appearance, and that nervousness of hands made me skip whole measures. The audience seemed to like it though.

Q. Chronological History—Experience on air, including engagements prior to NBC, with dates, comments, etc.? A. Broadcast for several months from the Heigh Ho Club on WABC when it was a single station. The week after my first broadcast on WABC began on WMCA with the Herbert Jewelry hour, which we lost for a while after 4 broadcasts and resumed later on to continue for almost a year. WABC was eventually displaced by WOR in the fall of 1928. While at the Heigh Ho Club, and broadcasting on WABC, WMCA and WOR, I did a short series of commercials with the Clopin Cod Liver Oil Company over WJZ on Fridays from 7:45 to 8:00. Turned out to be a bust, with the company a phoney. In January, 1929, due to a new policy on WABC, WMCA and WOR, of changing night club owners for sustaining broadcasts, I accepted an NBC contract in order to secure free broadcasting from the Villa Vallee, in which I had just begun playing. After several months of broadcasting from the Villa, I did an audition for the Fleischmann's Yeast Hour, and then went to the coast to make my picture in the summer of 1929. We returned in October, 1929, to begin the first Fleischmann Broadcast, which we have continued doing to this day.

Q. Professional background—Previous stage, opera, screen, concert or other experience? A. Appeared as saxophone soloist in several theaters in New England, and was a dance orchestra leader throughout New England.

Q. Educational background—Schools, colleges, dramatic or musical training; names of institutions or teachers, especially distinguished musicians, etc.? A. Westbrook, Me., High School—4 years; University of Maine—1 year; Yale University—4 years—Graduating with Ph.B. degree. Contact with Rudy Wiedoeft molded my saxophone style; study of Bennie Krueger dance records molded my dance style. The singing of Marion Harris, Charlie Kaley, Al Bernard and Fred Waring molded my first vocal efforts.

Q. What were your school or college activities? Sports? Singing? Debating? A. University of Yale Football Band in the Yale Bowl during my senior year.

Q. Degrees A. Ph.B.

Q. Fraternity or Sorority? A. Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Q. Lodges, clubs? A. Elks—Yale Club—Friars—Lambs—American Legion—American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

Q. Do you live in the city or country? Why? A. I live in the city to be near my work.

Q. Your hobbies and relaxations? What do you do to amuse yourself? A. Driving my car and motion picture work (amateur); Enjoy reading Maurice LeBlanc (Arsene Lupin); Sax Rohmer (Fu Manchu); Clarence Mulford (Bar 20).

Q. When and where do you write, sing, practice or rehearse? Any stated hours or circumstances? A. I write songs mainly in my dressing room. I sing only over the air or on the stage, never at home or in the shower, as is commonly supposed to be done. I rehearse at the studio usually on Wednesday and Thursday morning.

Q. Have you any suggestions as to press stories regarding yourself? Like the Movie public, the Radio public is demanding intimate information about its favorites? A. Press stories to the effect that I consider "The Vagabond Lover," my first motion picture effort, merely a glorified short, and an excuse for the band and myself to perform. I feel I could do some of the parts that Lee Tracy is carrying out so well, namely "Blessed Event" and "Washington Merry Go Round." I even feel that I might do justice to a play such as Paul Muni's "Counsellor at Law." People do not suspect that I can do that sort of thing, but just as I surprised them with my Chevalier impression, I think I can surprise them in other things.

Q. Day and hour of birth. Your astrological sign and what does it predict? A. Don't know day and hour—Leo is astrological sign.

Q. Are you influenced by numerology? A. No.

Q. Date and circumstances of first amateur appearance? A. My first amateur appearance was with my sister at the Little Star Theater in Westbrook at a benefit for the firemen, in about 1915. As a very young girl and boy we sang, as a duet, "Perfect Day." We had to do it three times for encores.

Q. How did you obtain your first contract? A. First contract I ever made was in 1924 with the Savoy Hotel in London, to play with the Savoy Band as alto saxophonist, and to record with them. The salary was about $200 a week.

Q. Favorite game or sport? A. Baseball.

Q. Your present ambition? A. To be an executive in Radio.

Q. What public personality do you most admire? A. Chas. Lindbergh.

Q. What is your idea of the most useless sport or pastime, and why? A. Betting on horse races.

Q. What is your pet aversion? A. Scandalous gossip, especially in printed form.

Q. What is your idea of nothing to do? A. Going to my lodge and resting.

Q. How did you meet your wife? A. At a dance at the Roosevelt Hotel, Los Angeles.

Q. Do you get fan mail, and in what variety? A. Yes—about 500 letters a week.

Q. What is your greatest extravagance? A. My lodge.

Q. Did you participate in the world war? Commission? Adventures? Medals? A. Yes—In the Navy, but I was under age. Enlisted two weeks before America entered the war and was discharged later.

Q. What is your most prized possession? A. Diploma from Yale.

Q. What instrument did you first learn to play? A. Drums.

Q. What is your favorite dish? A. Good tender steak.

Q. What things annoy you most? A. Vicious gossip of scandal mongers.

Q. Earliest appearance in (Continued on Page 10)

Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb, from a photograph taken before any whisper of their marital difficulty became public

Love Affairs of Myrt and Marge

By Louise Comstock

A New Series in the Narrative, "Great Loves of Radio Stars"

"Myrt", who is the former Mrs. Damerel, from a photograph taken in the costume of the chorus girl she portrays over the air

"Marge", showing her in character for her broadcasts. This likeness was made at the time the real love affair of her life began

On the air Myrt and Marge are sisters of the show business, two clever young actresses sharing the laughter and heartbreak, the trials and successes, the adventures of a tour in South America.

In real life Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel Kretzinger—"Marge"—are mother and daughter. But even in real life there is, to a remarkable extent, a single story. They both forsook comfortable homes and the schooling due the 'teen age, to enter the world of the theater. They both were rewarded almost immediately with amazing success. And in the theater they both, while still in the 'teens, found love and marriage.

But here the parallelism ends. Between the love story of Myrtle and Donna lies a generation, a great depression and the sudden, tremendous rise of radio. Within the last six months the one story came to an end, the other found a beginning. Last December, Donna married Gene Kretzinger, the Gene of that well known harmony pair, Gene and Charlie. Last March, Myrtle filed suit for divorce against George Damerel.

With the footlights hard upon them, there is reason for the frequent question "Which is Myrt and which is Marge?" Even before the microphone, which spreads no such kindly illusion, the generation between them is not apparent. Myrt is the one with the auburn hair. It is rather famous hair, luxuriant, burnished like copper. Her eyes are an indefinable mixture of gray and green, wide and set in a rounded, girlish face. She is a delicately made woman, but full of vitality. You can see it in the manner in which she holds her script, high, firmly, straight before her.

The slender girl opposite her is her daughter Donna, Marge to you. Hers a gently pointed face, enormous brown eyes and dark hair. She holds her script in one hand and flutters the other as she reads passion into her part. Sometimes between lines the brown eyes smile understandingly into the grey. At such times the printed words of the script seem less than ever make-believe. It is the Myrt and Marge whose stories are one, that you get over the air. Two good troupers, recreating an atmosphere and a point of view they have known and loved together.

The theater was already a part of Myrt when she dawdled and dreamed over her schoolbooks back in Joliet, Illinois. Through the multiplication tables, through the dates of the American Revolution, Myrt lived in the theater. Her family did not worry too much. They looked upon the theater with suspicion, as comfortable, well-conditioned families are inclined to do today as well as then; but they were willing to grant their daughter the foolish little dreams of youth. Yes, Myrt was stage-struck, but it would pass—so they thought.

It did not pass. Suddenly, her family notwithstanding, Myrt was in Chicago. It was a blustering winter day, with a chill wind whipping in from the lake. The booking offices were dismal, discouraging places. But Myrt, having turned her young back on Joliet and the schoolroom, could not afford to be discouraged. Myrt was fifteen, a tiny thing, all big eyes and coppery hair. She could dance, she had a full, joyous soprano voice, she had courage. Eventually these facts bore results. She found herself a chorine in "The Umpire," a Hough and Adams production then launching a successful run in Chicago.

Exciting, those first giddy moments in the glare of the footlights! Fresh and new and already dear were the smell of the grease paint, the careless bustle back stage, the dingy, stuffy old dressing rooms. A girl could live almost on the excitement of it alone.

But Myrtle realized suddenly that the small supply of money she had brought from home was exhausted. Shyness held her in check; she did not yet know the ways of the theater. Or had she known, pride would have prevented her from asking the manager for an advance on her salary. She went without food. For two days she danced through her numbers, smiling brightly into the dim rows of upturned faces, slightly dizzy with hunger.

That couldn't go on forever. In the dressing room Myrt found a pair of curious eyes watching her.

"Coming out to dinner with us?" asked Bella.

"Why . . ." Bella was one of the older members of the chorus. At any other time Myrt would have clutched eagerly at this offer of companionship. But now she could only avoid Bella's curious eyes, rage inwardly as she felt her cheeks go hot and red, and swallow back her threatening tears.

"Or aren't you eating dinner?" demanded Bella.

The hateful tears were no longer to be held back. Myrt found herself sobbing like the little girl she was, and telling Bella all about it.

"You poor kid," the older girl murmured kindly. "You poor little sap!" She jumped to her feet and turned to the other girls in the dressing room. "Listen, you," she shouted at them, "got any spare cash? Well, fork over. We're buying an extra dinner tonight."

The girls clustered around. They stared and patted Myrt's shaking shoulders and cried a little themselves and dug down into their long, silken stockings. And from that minute the newcomer, the baby, was their special responsibility. Myrt must eat nourishing foods. She must not get her feet wet. She must keep certain hours, and never go home alone from an evening's performance. And above all, this pretty, unsophisticated child must have nothing to do with men. On this score those fellow chorus girls were determined and strict.

But they couldn't keep Myrt from casting speculative eyes on the men around her—on one man in particular, the company's tall, handsome leading tenor, George Damerel. No harm in that, was there? A chorine may look at a lead. She may even fall in love with him, and stand watching night after night, her eager heart in her eyes, while he bows, again and again, to thunderous applause.

It is something else, however, when the lead looks back. That didn't happen for over a year. "The Umpire" had been on the road for some time then. Myrt had been moved to the front row of the chorus. She was more sure of herself now. Her dancing was good. Her voice had gained in maturity and power and control.

Then one night George Damerel turned unexpectedly away from the falling curtain and saw her. He had seen her innumerable times before, of course, but only as just another and very minor member of the troupe. This time, however, he recognized her—a lovely young thing. Two wide eyes were fixed wistfully on his. Why, of course, little Myrtle Vail! Funny he never had realized before that she was like this!

The last curtain down, he spoke to her. Something conventional, like "Well, how did it go tonight?" But the words didn't matter. It was the fact that George Damerel, a man so much older than she and already acclaimed by enthusiastic audiences, a man whose very glance made her heart rave, was bending over her, something strange and terrifying and precious on his face.

Only a few weeks later, while they were playing New Orleans, they were married. Myrtle was sixteen. Far away now were home and schoolroom. To the glamour of the theater was added the glamour of love. The world was hers.

When "The Umpire" closed, some months later, George took Myrtle to New York on a belated honeymoon. There he was offered the lead in that classic of musical comedy, "The Merry Widow." He made the role of Prince Danilo famous. In it he became himself one of the leading stars of Broadway. Surely, fortune smiled upon the Damerels.

But Myrtle Vail had not entered the theater merely to become the wife of one of the theater's favorites. She had energy and youth and talent. The ambition, moreover, which had driven her to make those devastating rounds of the booking offices those wintery days in Chicago, still burned high. While George was enchanting Broadway, Myrtle once more started on her own. She obtained a small part in "The Yankee Tourist," then featuring Raymond Hitchcock, and went with it on the road.

The road!—long sleepless *(Continued on Page 29)*

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Along the Airialto

By Martin Lewis

The regular followers of the Showboat Hour know by this time that *Muriel Wilson* has been put back on the program to do again the singing part of "Mary Lou," replacing *Lois Bennett*. What brought about the change was not related through the regular channels, and efforts to get definite information so far have resulted in vague answers. Therefore I'm wondering if the story told me isn't true.

It seems that *Muriel* has a host of admirers throughout the country, who have organized *Muriel Wilson Fan Clubs*. The members were so enraged when the coffee sponsors replaced *Miss Wilson* that they signed petitions and sent them in to the sponsor, declaring in a body that if *Muriel* were not put back on the program they would refrain from listening to it, purchasing their product and even would go so far as boycotting the grocers who handled it. If true—that's what I call loyalty to the Nth degree.

Harry Richman, showing his pleasure over the acquisition of new singing talent. He appears Wednesday nights at a WJZ-NBC microphone

NBC vs. Terraplane

NBC also is having its troubles, this time with the sponsors of the Terraplane show, who packed up all of a sudden and left the airwaves. Reports have it that the program had several weeks to go, but that the motor car people wanted to cancel because they were way behind in filling orders. NBC said nothing doing. When the orchestra and other talent on the program didn't show up, NBC was prepared with a sustaining act which it put in its place, mentioning over the air that this time was reserved, adding the name of the sponsor. Indications are that the decision in the case will be rendered in a courtroom.

There is no dispute that prompts the sponsors of the Sunday night "Album of Familiar Music" show to switch to the CBS network. It is reported likely that the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round also will move over to the Columbia chain.

AS REPORTED here many columns ago, *Eddie Cantor* positively will not return on the Sunday night coffee hour next fall. Although it has been said many times that *Joe Penner* would be switched over to replace the banjo-eyed comic, don't be astonished if *Bing Crosby* turns up as Cantor's successor, with Crosby doing a *Vallee Variety* Show type of program. Crosby is under option to his soap sponsor, but he is reported as making attempts to call off the deal with them.

CHESTERFIELD has extended their show to run through to July 14, when they fold for the summer. They return with the same thrice-weekly show early in the fall . . . *Morton Downey* has been added to that special Stradelsaker program on June 26, which already has *Jane Froman* as a guest artist.

Joe Penner Rests Duck

JOE PENNER will give up trying to sell his duck for the summer after his July 1 broadcast. *Penner* either will go to the coast to make a picture or take a combined business and pleasure jaunt to the other side of the Atlantic . . . Although Lucky Strike is listening to auditions, it is practically certain that the big ciggy company will sponsor the Metropolitan Opera again next fall . . . *George Burns and Gracie Allen* are appearing on auditions for new musical talent, to be heard with the comedy duo when White Owl returns to the air in the fall . . . *Edwin Franko Goldman* starts his series of band concerts from the Mall in Central Park June 28. During his series he will present a new march he wrote, titled "Radio City" . . . The long tall gal from Dixie, Irene Beasley, will sing, act as narrator and mistress of ceremonies, besides writing her own songs and script when she substitutes for Wendell Hall starting July 15. Darn clever, this Southern lass . . . *Vera Van* marks her first year with Columbia on Monday, June 25, and Vera, who never drinks, will celebrate the occasion by throwing a cocktail party.

Jarrett to CBS?

ART JARRETT may be brought back on the air by Columbia during his trip with pretty *Eleanor Holm*, who's now *Mrs. Jarrett* . . . It's rumored that *Everett Marshall* will leave his Columbia program to appear at the Palladium in London this August . . . *Jane Froman* and *Don Ross* have left the Fulles cast for a much needed vacation. They left last Saturday, and in one week *Jane* gained six pounds. On the other hand—or rather, on the other coast—*Kate Smith* reveals that she dropped *thirty pounds* during her seven-month vaudeville tour . . . *George Gicot*, the Grib HAM-bassador, debuted last week on Columbia with his own show, supported by an orchestra of twenty-five and a whole company of artists. Columbia hopes to make Gicot and his "Acropolis No. 7" a big summer air attraction.

FEW LISTENERS, if any, realized the other morning that there was tragedy in the studio while they listened to the *Gloria, Lu 'n' Em* program. So smoothly did everything function that no visible hitch was apparent in the proceedings. But to those in the studio, there came a tense moment. Announcer *Jean Paul King* stepped to the microphone, attempted to read the script and was powerless to make sound come. He had lost his voice.

An alert production man, noting the startled dismayed look on King's face, leaped to his side, seized the script, and the show went on.

King, under the care of a physician, is slowly regaining the use of his vocal chords.

LAST WEEK a dray hauled a huge dummy of *Fred Allen* from the Bristol-Meyers Company in New York. The robot, which talks and makes faces similar to those contortions with which comedian Allen moves his audiences, immediately started en route to Chicago where it will be a World's Fair exhibit.

Latest photograph to be made of the studios, of Frances Langford, singing star. Miss Langford may be heard Monday evenings over a WEAF-NBC network, and Wednesday evenings over a WJZ-NBC network

Fred together with an advertising agency executive and an NBC representative, went down to the Grand Central station to make sure that the robot was placed safely on the train. As they completed their mission, and were about to leave, they encountered *Walter Winchell*, entraining for the coast. After chatting a few minutes, Fred Allen, sighting the conductor, cracked:

"Be sure the right dummy gets off at Chicago, now!"

Mr. Winchell is going on to the coast.

TITO GUIZAR is Hollywood-bound, heading for his first movie venture. He (Continued on Page 32)

Reviewing Radio

By Martin J. Porter

The Columbia Broadcasting System, which never had attempted seriously to build comedy programs, preferring to permit sponsors to select their own funmakers, has decided at last to do some pioneering in this field. It is the theory of the producers at WABC that comedy burns itself out with extraordinary rapidity. They believe also that some new comic technique is vital at the moment to keep public interest alive in presentations designed to place the listener in jocular mood.

During the worst stages of the depression comedy was imperative. It was taxed so greatly that its era became fleeting, its hasty technique unvaried. Usually it consisted of crossfire and gags between a clown and a straight man, or it introduced catch-lines and dialect. That persisted until *Jack Benny* began experimenting with situations instead of simple jokes.

At the moment, Columbia is interested in popularizing two other comedy phases—the amusing master of ceremonies, and the clown about whom a sketch may be woven with a touch of pathos to emphasize the funny man's antics.

It was this determination that prompted WABC to do what seldom has been done before—place two top-line comedians on sustaining programs which are to be adventures in comedy. We now find *George Jessel* at the helm of the Sunday night show at WABC, acting as master of ceremonies and interpolating his quaint wit, also his old but always effective stunt of telephoning his mother.

On Saturday nights we find *George Gicot*, the inimitable dispenser of Greek dialect, in the pivotal point of a newly conceived show. In it he will be surrounded by a cast and permitted to work out his own sketches, with the locale in Acropolis Number 7, the legendary luncheonette which he has made famous by virtue of its "sealion steaks," and "two kinds mince pie, mince and peppermince." We shall find *Gicot* not only a restaurant proprietor but a philosopher who will delve on occasion into the "cravings of man and human bunds."

Vivienne Segal, glamorous star of stage and screen, shown as she looked when she made her radio debut with Abe Lyman's orchestra. Miss Segal may be heard every Tuesday over a CBS network

It will be noted that Gicot was booked within 24 hours after RADIO GUIDE published the announcement that the Greek Ambassadurr was being considered by the Chase and Sanborn outfit for WEAF's Sunday show.

ALL THE PHENOMENA of radio is not confined to the studios. There is the radio ghost, for instance. He is stalking the mountainous sections of the country in the form of an "echo," and is interfering with aviation with feline caprice. Five American universities have put their science staffs to work trying to locate and slay this phantom. It takes the form of a radio beam.

Aviators flying over the hill sections of America have been reporting for several weeks that they are getting "on course" radio signals when maps and territory show plainly that they are "off course."

In case there be some who don't know—radio beams are continuous signals sent in specific directions to keep airplanes and ships (Continued on Page 17)

Cradle of Radio

WGY, the Radio Proving Ground of the American Theory of Broadcasting, is One of a Series Dealing with Great Stations of the Country and the Personalities and Programs Identified with Them

The Voice of the House of Magic, Station WGY, at Schenectady, N. Y., is in its thirteenth year. A short life? Yes—but what astounding things have happened to radio during those thirteen gigantic years which stretch back to within a few months of the birth of broadcasting! "From Cat's-whisker to Globe-girdler" might fittingly title radio's Horatio Algerish success story. And much of the credit for radio's growth is due to this same WGY.

For it is one of radio's true source-springs. There are not more than nine older stations on the air today, and not one that has contributed more to the technical or artistic development of broadcasting.

In the days when the first feeble electro-magnetic waves tickled home-built sets (with their crystal detectors and tricky, unstable "cat's whiskers"), WGY came into existence for two reasons. First, radio engineers of the General Electric Co., working furiously to improve transmission, needed a station for experiments. Thus, WGY was born to lead—to be a technical proving-ground for the entire industry. Secondly, G-E saw that entertaining and informative programs had to be provided for listeners, in order to keep alive their interest in radio. In this way, those who had already invested in the infant art could be protected, while the setting of high standards would tend to shut out predatory and selfish interests.

Recent photograph of Kolin Hager, manager of WGY almost continuously since its beginning

While leading in radio science, WGY therefore came quickly to lead also in the radio arts of entertainment. Because of this policy, the veteran station today is acknowledged the American home of radio drama. The WGY Players, oldest dramatic group on the air, was founded in April, 1922. Immediately, it attracted the attention of serious students of drama, who were fascinated by this new medium. Among these was Rosaline Green, the "green goddess" of air dramatics. Then, she was a student. Soon she became the Players' leading lady. Today, with NBC, she is one of the world's outstanding radio actresses. Edward H. Smith, formerly with WTAM, was one of the early directors of the Players.

So well has WGY maintained its lead in the sphere of entertainment that today its diverse program service provides 45 programs weekly to the Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company. Much of the popularity and influence which maintains this leadership is due to Kolin Hager, former merchandising expert with General Electric, who has managed the station almost continuously since its beginning.

But perhaps the greatest drama of WGY has been presented in the unending stream of technical triumphs which G-E engineers have pulled, rabbit-like, out of radio's hat. This station, whose studios nestle in the shadow of the great Research Laboratory buildings of General Electric, has an unparalleled series of "firsts" to its credit. It was, for instance, the first station to incorporate crystal frequency control in its transmitter. By means of this, a station is held rigidly to its assigned frequency, and signals cannot wander into the path of other signals.

WGY was the first station to use the condenser type of microphone for studio and outside pickups. Transmitter development necessarily required elaborate and comprehensive tests in wave propagation, not only with different volumes of power, but with a variety of radiators or antennas. Listeners were asked to cooperate by reporting reception.

Another "first"—from WGY, 50,000 watts were heard for the first time. This power, then called "super-power," caused grave fears on the part of listeners. It was even predicted that such fierce energy would set radio receivers afire! Later, WGY was the first station anywhere to use 100,000 watts of power, and still more recently, 200,000 watts. Experiments on WGY made possible the present 500,000-watt transmitter.

In the early investigation of television systems, WGY also took an important part, and the Schenectady station was the first to broadcast a television drama, transmitting picture signals by short wave and the voice signals on long waves. During 1928 WGY maintained a nightly schedule of television signals, transmitting a 24-line picture. In August, 1928, they experimented with the first remote control television pickup, the picture of Gov. Alfred E. Smith delivering an address in accepting the Democratic nomination to the presidency.

Among the many unusual broadcasts made possible by close association with the House of Magic, was the

Princess Nazimova, one of the many unique entertainers whose programs originate at "The House of Magic"

bombardment of electrons through the amplification of the "voice" of radio-active minerals; a synthetic thunderstorm when the crash of 10,000,000 volts of electricity became audible; a brief recital played on an organ made up of thyratron tubes. WGY's present 50,000-watt transmitter was put into service from the gondola of the U. S. Navy dirigible *Los Angeles*. The impulse from a whistle blown aboard the dirigible, three miles above the city of Schenectady, was carried by a light beam to an intercepting mirror target. It operated a relay putting one transmitter out of service and the new transmitter on the air.

Associated with WGY are two short wave transmitters, W2XAF, operating on 31.48 meters, and W2XAD on 19.56 meters. Through the medium of these world-circumradiating transmitters, WGY has carried many unusual broadcasts such as two-way conversations with England, and with Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, years before the present commercial circuits were in service. In WGY broadcasts, the human voice had been heard after travelling around the world. On the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, two years ago, WGY broadcast the report of a shot after it had circled the globe, in commemoration of "the shot heard 'round the world." When Admiral Byrd returned to Dunedin after his first Antarctic expedition, WGY planned an elaborate two-way talking circuit by means of which Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the New York *Times*, speaking in Schenectady, talked with Admiral Byrd in Dunedin, New Zealand.

WGY again is serving as a contact point between the Byrd expedition and home. Every two weeks, special broadcasts carried by the National Broadcasting Company stations are flashed to Little America by WGY's short wave transmitter W2XAF, and at the conclusion of the long wave programs W2XAF becomes the official mail man of the expedition and carries messages from friends and relatives to the Antarctic personnel.

In the radio industry, a tradition has grown up around WGY. This station, with its long and distinguished record of service to the listener, likewise has performed a service for other stations, as it has been a training school for announcers, technical men and artists. In the broadcast world, consequently, there are many who speak of WGY with that same fondness with which men regard their college, or their regiment. To be a "graduate" of WGY is to possess a certain hallmark of distinction.

Joe Chambers, chief engineer of WLW, is an alumnus of WGY, as are A. H. Chamberlain, chief operating engineer for the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation, Karl Hoffman, chief engineer of the Buffalo Broadcasting Co., Russell Hoff and L. J. Barnes, of WLW.

Announcer alumni include: James Wallington, Frank Singiser and Clyde Kittell, NBC, New York; Roland Bradley, WEVD, New York; Warren Munson, WDRC, Hartford, Conn.

The dramatic sketch always has been an important WGY feature. Today there are "Joe and Eddie," featuring a French-Canadian comedy character; "Ma Frazier's Boarding House"; "Headline Highlights," dramatized news; a health talk from the New York State Department of Health, and book reviews.

Outstanding among the local programs are "Gypsy Trail," a network feature introducing orchestra, John Chapman, bass, and Chester Vedder, narrator; Bradley Kincaid, the "Kentucky Mountain Boy"; the "Three Vagabonds," harmony trio; "Skip, Step and Happiness," comedy and song; the "Upstate Quartet," male singing group; "Piano Pals" two-piano team; Princess Nazimova; "Hank Keene and His Gang," the "Three Shades of Blue," harmony singers; the "Banjoliers" and the Lang Sisters, singers; Andrew Jeffrey, the "Horse Sense Philosopher"; Martha and Hal, comedy and songs.

In spite of the large number of broadcasting stations on the air, WGY remains today, at the end of twelve years of service, the main reliance for listeners in southeastern Canada, the states of Vermont and New Hampshire, western Massachusetts, Northern New York and all the territory within 75 miles of Schenectady.

WGY has been the laboratory and proving grounds of radio in the western hemisphere. Located strategically in the heart of the typical American community, it has an unparalleled opportunity to test theories of entertainment and reactions of the public to different types of entertainment, more thoroughly than any other station. Its operators also have the advantage of an international aspect of audience experimentations, because for several years it was heard throughout Canada better than any of the Canadian stations.

The Lang Sisters, singers over WGY, from a picture made very recently. Note the warmth of their smiles, the pleasure with which they tackle their task of entertaining millions—a pleasure made possible only through the facilities of the wonder station

In the Year 2034

In Which Two of the World's Foremost Scientists Draw Aside the Curtain and Look One Hundred Years Ahead

By Dr. Nikola Tesla

American Physicist, Scientist and Discoverer of Alternating Current

As radio is viewed generally today, it is little more or less than a medium whereby a nation may be entertained, instructed and amused. Of course, its wider applications are coming into general ken. Police use radio to detect crime and apprehend criminals; navigators use it to direct their craft; commerce uses it to advantage in the conduct of its various enterprises.

Radio—or wireless—however, is only beginning to come into use as a vital factor in the very existence of the millions who depend on the earth's crust for the essentials of life, as well as its comforts. To what extent it will become entangled in the threads of existence in the future, no one can predict. We can, however, predict accurately enough, the prospects for the utilization of electrical energy—transmitted by wireless—in the near future.

Energy—power—is as essential to civilized man as the water he drinks, the food he eats and the air he breathes. Cut him off from his electrical energy and he will be as helpless as a newborn baby alone in the middle of the Great American Desert. He requires energy to supply him with food in the quantities sufficient to feed the hordes of people inhabiting his cities, to pump water to his thirsty millions and to permit him ready access to the source of the life-giving and sustaining elements.

Providing power today is a laborious process. Electrical energy is supplied through the grinding of millions of generators. It is conveyed over millions of miles of unsightly wires, difficult of access and prodigally wasteful of the energy which has been supplied through much expense and labor.

Not many tomorrows into the future, however, man will harness the energy—electrical energy—with which the atmospheric layers enveloping the earth abound. Under such favorable circumstances many wonders of which we now have no conception are likely to be performed in the course of the coming century. While the development will be general, the greatest possibilities are in the field of wireless transmission of energy.

The system I have advocated is perfected in all essential details and constitutes an ideal means to this end. It eliminates virtually all loss of the energy regardless of the distance, and I confidently expect that it will be supplied on a colossal scale. It will eventually serve the needs of the whole world as a wireless superpower system, connecting into an universal unit the principal sources of electrical energy distributed all over the globe.

Power will then be available everywhere, on land, on sea, and for the operation of ships, flying machines and countless other devices large and small, which will be supplied by manufacturers in unlimited quantities. A traveler will be able to purchase a light and compact outfit which will provide him with illumination, heat and motive power anywhere. Homes will be lighted by electrode-less vacuum tubes which will last forever and consume trifling energy. Many new household devices will be furnished for convenience, comfort and sanitary purposes.

For instance, an electric bath will be introduced, enabling a person to be cleansed instantly from all dust and organisms adhering to the skin. The bath also will be of therapeutic value. The system will be instrumental in obtaining everywhere currents of any desired high frequency, which will be put to numerous specific uses.

Another method of electric transmission, which is of immense importance in many respects, soon will be inaugurated, and will make possible the projection of any desired amount of energy in a straight line to great distances, even to planets. This new principle will be of profound effect on existing conditions.

By the time the year 2034 rolls around you will have learned how to eliminate the great power losses that would seem to be the retarding element in the distribution of power without the means of transmission lines. By that time the inexhaustible supply of free energy in the atmosphere surrounding the earth will be under control, and its benefactions will be spread like sunlight.

Consider for a moment that the earth might be a huge dynamo whirling in this cosmic structure and generating more power than we ever will be able to utilize. I can envision the revolution in transportation. Small, compact units might be designed into a man's hat, having sufficient power to propel humans through space to their desired destinations.

Trans-oceanic trips will be made through the stratosphere at a speed approaching that of light itself. Huge juggernauts will hurtle through space, carrying the commerce of the world along power lines that will radiate from great metropolitan centers.

Communication will be revised. The tremendously expensive wire systems and telephonic connections will disappear, and in their place will be the simplified systems based on radio revisions of the present day.

Physicists and research engineers are approaching an understanding of the fundamental conception of life, and when man finally unlocks his treasure trunk of creative power, even the great sun itself will become his obedient, toiling slave.

If he could do this he would have powers almost unlimited and super-natural. At his command, with but a slight effort on his part, old worlds would disappear and new ones of his planning would spring into being.

He could fix, solidify and preserve the ethereal shapes of his imagining, the fleeting visions of his dreams. He could express all the creations of his mind, on any scale, in forms concrete and imperishable.

He could alter the size of this planet, control its seasons, guide it along any path he might choose through the depths of the universe. He could make planets collide and produce his suns and stars, his heat and light. He could originate and develop life in all its infinite forms.

The recreation of things that have passed will be within his grasp, and from somewhere in this ethereal dome are floating around the records of our creation and every phase of our development up to the present time. Imagine reproducing the Sermon on the Mount on the screen in your home or a vivid picture of lost civilization, the golden era of Egypt or pictures from the great wars that can be unlocked from this cosmic library at the will of man.

Whether all this technical progress is in line with true civilization remains for future generations to decide. But there can be no doubt that the universal supply of energy and attendant annihilation of time and space will be very helpful in the harmonization of interests and maintenance of peaceful relations between nations.

Recent picture of Doctor Caldwell showing him engrossed in his laboratory

Doctor Nikola Tesla, from a recent photograph

By Dr. O. H. Caldwell

President, New York Electrical Society, Former Federal Radio Commissioner

It is with some hesitation that I attempt to set down, on paper, a few ideas about what the world and radio may become by the year 2034. So utterly fantastic are some of the sober possibilities, that many of the maddest dreams of so-called "scientific fiction" writers may come true in the next 100 years.

Radio, which instructs the mind, also will be used, far more extensively than now, to heal the body. It will be used to restore the insane to normality. It can be used to produce a kind of intoxication, and therefore may lead some 2034 Volstead to frame laws against radio-drunkenness! And, incredible but true, it is quite possible that in 100 years radio may have solved the age-old riddle of life itself; and that mankind may learn how to change the very stuff of which its bodies are made, through radio!

Does this appear utterly crazy—the nightmare of an insane scientist? It isn't! Already, a start has been made towards the fulfillment of each one of those seemingly fantastic half-promises.

But first, before proceeding to demonstrate that fact, let us consider the meaning of the word "radio". Every high-school boy knows that what we call radio vibrations are not confined by any means to the ordinary broadcast bands. Radio reaches far into the mysterious unknown depths of our universe, both above and below the channels that bring us our Bing Crosbys and our symphonies. And it is with those still little-known vibrations that these remarks deal.

Already "radio fevers"—induced in the human body by high-frequency currents—are ridding the bloodstream of most of its dangerous germ-diseases, including certain age-old social scourges. This artificial heating and stimulation of the blood also has been used successfully to reclaim paresis cases, and by stimulating the cranial bloodstream, to restore former insane-asylum inmates to complete mental health! For these things we do not have to wait till the year 2034. Already, they have been done, and it takes very little imagination to picture how infinitely more efficiently they will be done 100 years from now!

Incidentally, to bear out the half-threat of future radio-intoxication, it is necessary only to state that this induction stimulation, used in mental cases, already has been proved to cause exhilaration. By 2034, will we take our cocktails by radio?

And so, the nightmare of impossibilities begins to clarify, and we catch a glimpse of the mighty foundations now being laid by radio-scientists. After all, is it so surprising? Already it is a commonplace that surgery is being revolutionized by the radio-knife. This employs currents of radio frequency and produces bloodless, sterile wounds which heal rapidly. Photo-cells and radio amplifiers are enabling the blind literally to "see," and to read any book or newspaper. These things are happening NOW!

Today—not in some remote and fantastic 2034—the totally paralyzed can turn the pages of a book, switch on a radio, play games, switch lights on and off, call attendants and even perform useful work—by means of photo cells and electron tubes, worked by the nod of a head!

Long before 2034, diseases will be diagnosed expertly by radio. Perhaps by that date they may be banished entirely. Recent research has taught us astounding facts about these bundles of electrons we call our bodies.

In next week's issue of RADIO GUIDE Professor Lawrence M. Cockaday, Lecturer on General Science, New York University, will discuss Radio Brains—in the year 2034.

Signposts of Success

Revealed by the Lines of Your Face

By "The Doctor"

This Week the Subject of "The Doctor", Heard on WMCA and the Federal Broadcasting Corporation's Network, Analyzes Radio's Outstanding Favorite, Julia Sanderson

Julia Sanderson, showing her latest photograph, from which "The Doctor" made his analysis. Miss Sanderson is on the air over a CBS network every Sunday evening

If Julia Sanderson were my wife or daughter, I would be quite proud of her. She is intelligent, optimistic and considerate. For the first time since I began writing this series of analyses of radio personalities, I have been given a photograph of someone I recognized. You see, my office work in vocational guidance has kept me so busy during the days since radio became the important medium of entertainment that I have been unable to familiarize myself with its performers. In this respect I am essentially what is generally known as an "old-timer". Of course, it is unnecessary for me to know anything of the person submitted for analysis, for a few minutes after I have studied the face of my subject, his or her varied facial "markers" have given me the complete story—almost everything but the name, and a great many things unknown to that client's most intimate friends.

This week, however, I can say that I have been in the audience of my subject-for-analysis. About a dozen years ago I enjoyed the performance of Julia Sanderson in the musical comedy, "Tangerine". She was the star and, if memory serves me right, the leading man was a certain Mr. Crumit . . . Frank Crumit. In fact, they tell me that this musical comedy is responsible for a happy marriage of the aforementioned Mr. Crumit and Miss Sanderson, and for the beginning of an inseparable team of radio performers. Their press agent says it was not until later while they were playing in another show that Frank and Julia became sure of their regard for each other and were married.

To him it seems strange that they traveled the same roads so long before they found each other. He believes they are admirably mated, but has no way of going so deeply into their souls that he can be sure. So I take this opportunity of assuring him that he is correct. I have the proof. By the stars? Oh, no. By the science of practical character analysis. Here is the authentic story of Julia Sanderson, told by her positive facial characteristics:

She has mental acumen, a kind of sagacity that readily grasps another person's whims, fancies and antipathies. With this quality she naturally moves around the social or professional "stumps" with a wholly disarming glamour. Along with this, Miss Sanderson has a counterpart for home and social use, a spontaneous sense of social response, of half-personal compliment, and aspirations enough to furnish three people with good humor; not to mention the will to see such humor as an inspiration, where other people want strong drink for their mental stimulus.

In addition to these social aptitudes, Julia Sanderson has a neat, well-controlled, impelling will and a "get-it-done" disposition which agrees to give fifty-fifty on the favorable results, and let the unfavorable ones, if there are any, sneak away to be forgotten.

This is a kind of "let the dead past bury its dead" attitude, which picks up the living picture with enthusiasm. No wonder she is capable of keeping step, retaining the affection and stimulating the interest of a reasonable husband. If more wives had her attitude of thinking as much of tomorrow as they do of what didn't happen yesterday, they would have the same mate they had yesterday, and a somewhat better husband he would be, too.

If she had no voice or distinctive personality for the entertainment field, Miss Sanderson could become a good accountant, bookkeeper or telephone traffic manager. In the more general vocations, she has great ability for the position of a manager or superintendent of a department in a manufacturing concern where many people are employed, and where the personnel needed to be brought out of the doldrums, grouches and "I can't do it" dispositions for the welfare of the business.

As she has an uncommon vivacity, a kind of mental allure which finds its way along the radio waves to an audience thousands of miles away, as well as across the footlights, Miss Sanderson has, undoubtedly, found her right vocation. And speaking of unusual qualities, this lady has one which is seldom found: a considerable amount of mental foresight for what may happen in the future. This foresight is indicated by a highly-modeled nose. The mental acumen is found in the forehead. The full region around the under side of the mouth tells the story of social response. The index of strong aspirations is around the upper lip, while Miss Sanderson's side cheek and highly-modeled jaw indicate her will.

Much of Miss Sanderson's success has been based on hard work and study.

When she was 15, Miss Sanderson came to New York to engage in chorus work. She worked diligently, understudied her stars. Twice she played performances substituting for the star. Her first show was "Winsome Winnie." Shubers saw her and offered her a contract.

Miss Sanderson has always been a victim of stage fright but says she has never been frightened at the microphone. In the studio she works at a "mike" near her husband and declares that she always sings to him, although she does picture her audience while she is on the air.

Theme Songs That "Click"

Casting about for a theme song, Andre Kostelanetz, conductor for the Rosa Ponselle–Nino Martini–Grete Stueckgold programs over a Columbia Broadcasting System network, tried a hundred different melodies to sound the right keynote for the series signature melody.

Kostelanetz knew what he wanted. He said, "I hope I never have to play another fanfare as long as I'm in radio. I believe the blare of trumpets is an outmoded method of introducing a program. There's no need to jar people into attention any more. They prefer gentler treatment."

Outlining this and other theories regarding a distinctive theme song, Kostelanetz then commissioned his piano player and assistant vocal arranger, Charlie Henderson, to write a theme song that would be far away from the fanfare type. Charlie already has a number of popular compositions to his credit. He wrote "Deep Night" and "So Beats My Heart," among others.

Henderson mulled over the idea for a time, composing and rejecting refrains. Finally he developed a waltz melody. When he played it for Kostelanetz, the conductor extracted a few entrancing bars from the middle of the composition for a basic melody, and asked an arrangement for strings providing a slight variation.

The theme song introduction is effective with the strings quietly sidling into the major melody. It bears out Kostelanetz' theory that the theme song should be something soothing but memorable. This theme song is as yet unnamed. It has no lyrics, either.

Kostelanetz' orchestra, playing the theme song, can be heard every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evening.

Help Radio Guide to Serve You

Radio Guide can advance only in the degree in which it serves its readers. That service, therefore, becomes the yardstick by which the success of the publication may be measured.

This, then, is YOUR magazine. It is made for you and by you. The pride Radio Guide finds in its fast growing family of readers is merely the reflection of the satisfaction those readers evince.

Each step forward is a stride toward greater service for you. It is your duty to yourself and to your fellow readers to help the publishers with indications of your wishes. Only with your help can the success of Radio Guide be expanded and its service to you thus increased.

You are not only invited, but urged, to offer constructive criticisms for the betterment of this magazine. Your help is solicited. Address your communications to Editor, Radio Guide, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hits of Week

In the opinion of radio's foremost bandleaders, the popular "I'll String Along With You" went into leadership during the past week, among the song hits played over the air. "Beat of My Heart" remains extremely popular, but the orchestra selects in their weekly resume, relegated it to second place.

The weekly tabulation compiled by Radio Guide is as follows:

BANDLEADERS' PICK OF OUTSTANDING HITS

Song	Points
I'll String Along With You	25
Beat of My Heart	21
Little Man, Busy Day	17
Love Thy Neighbor	30
Easy Come, Easy Go	19
One Thousand Good Nights	17
Had My Moments	16
Cocktails for Two	15
All I Do Is Dream	12
Moon Country	11

SONG HITS PLAYED MOST OFTEN ON THE AIR:

Song	Times
Beat of My Heart	24
I'll String Along With You	23
Love Thy Neighbor	23
Love Go Wrong	22
Little Man, Busy Day	22
May I?	22
Had My Moments	21
Easy Come, Easy Go	19
Cocktails For Two	18
So Help Me	18

Bandleaders' selections are as follows, with the leaders' names listed alphabetically:

Victor Arden: I'll String Along With You; May I?; I Wish I Were Twins; Beat of My Heart; Had My Moments.

Robert Armbruster: Moon Country; Little Dutch Mill; I Met My Waterloo; Beat of My Heart; Little Man, Busy Day.

Johnny Green: Had My Moments; How Do I Know It's Sunday; Night on the Desert; Beat of My Heart; I'll String Along With You.

Richard Himber: Little Man, Busy Day; I'll String Along With You; Love Thy Neighbor; All I Do Is Dream; What Good Is the Good in Goodbye?

Isham Jones: All I Do Is Dream; Easy Come, Easy Go; Without That Certain Thing; Love Thy Neighbor; So Help Me.

Andre Kostelanetz: Play to Me, Gypsy; Beat of My Heart; Hold My Hand; May I?; Love Thy Neighbor.

Abe Lyman: Hold My Hand; Love Thy Neighbor; I'll String Along With You; Carioca; Little Man, Busy Day.

Will Osborne: Beat of My Heart; Moon Country; Fair and Warmer; The House Is Haunted; She Reminds Me of You.

Fred Waring: I'll String Along With You; One Thousand Goodnights; Night on the Desert; I Wish I Were Twins; Cocktails for Two.

Mark Warnow: Unless Your Heart Is Mine; Moon Country; Love My Marguerite; Love Go Wrong; Cocktails for Two.

Open Door to Beauty

By V. E. Meadows

Director of the Beauty Guild of the Air, with Years of Experience in Beautifying Stars of Radio, Stage and Screen. He Broadcasts over the Federal Broadcasting Chain from WMCA in New York

This week we will dwell on the subject of the correct application of face powder and the finishing touches to make-up. There never has been more than one way to apply face powder correctly, yet I doubt if many know it. Powder just rubbed on a face is at best, amateurish in its appearance. It smudges the base, if there is one, and when it is rubbed on a dry face it starts to cause large pores and white heads. Then, too, there is always that powdered look which is so unnatural.

The proper way to apply face powder is to put quite a quantity on the puff and pat this well over the face and well into the base cream. You should look very heavily powdered when you are finished. After this is done, use a soft blending brush for the removal of the surplus powder. You can brush just as hard as you like and you won't remove anything that is supposed to stay on your face.

After the excess powder is removed, moisten a piece of cotton or a clean cloth with a small amount of skin tonic, until it is just damp. Pat this over the entire face. Then pat dry with more cotton or a soft towel. This will not remove the face powder, but will set and freshen it and take off "that flour barrel appearance." You will not have to repowder at all during the day. If your face should become soiled or a little "greasy" looking, just moisten your handkerchief with cold water or skin tonic and pat over your face, and then pat dry again. This will remove all the shine as well as the dust accumulation.

The first thing to do after the powder has been correctly applied, is to clean the eyebrow with a small stiff brush. In many cases the eyebrows are too short and blunt. Then again, if the eyebrow is too light the application of color to it usually looks artificial. Look at your mirror. Judge your own eyebrows. Are they long enough so that they give roundness and symmetry to the top of your face, or are they blunt?

An eyebrow should come out to a point that would be even with a line drawn out from where the upper and lower lid meet. Are your eyebrows too close together over the bridge of the nose or are they too far apart? The correct space between the eyebrows over the bridge of the nose is of great importance. Of course, this space varies with each type of face and is a matter for you to judge. Are your eyebrows a thin hair line? If so they are incorrectly plucked. A thin line for an eyebrow is never attractive. To be correctly done, the eyebrow should be quite thick near the bridge of the nose and tapered off to a fine line as it extends toward the outer part of the eye.

In applying the eyebrow pencil, start with the most delicate line and go over and over the eyebrow as many times as may be necessary to get the desired color. Do not try to put all the color on at one stroke, because you invariably will make a very artificial line. The tapering of the brow at the outside point is very necessary in order to shape the upper part of the face. Great care should be used to do this artistically. Don't ever try to apply eyebrow pencil without resting your hand on your cheek, as it will merely produce a black, harsh line.

The next step is to cleanse the eyelashes. A little skin tonic or cleanser can be used on a small mascara brush. Then if your lashes are not dark enough, they can be colored with a regular lash coloring. After you have it on, take the eyelashes between the thumb and forefinger and remove all the surplus color, being sure that the lashes are not healed or run together.

In forming the lips, the first thing you are to remember is that they are only ten per cent of the expression of your face, and so should not be unduly accentuated with a vivid color or at least a color that does not harmonize with the true color of your lips. One of the most obvious abuses of cosmetics today is the over-application of bright color to the lips. Mind you, if you want bright lips it is perfectly all right with me. However, try subduing them just a little and see if you do not like the effect much better.

Of course it is essential to have the right color of lipstick. This is determined by applying a small amount of the lipstick and comparing the natural color of the inside of your lip with the artificial color. Also remember that a colorless lip always indicates age. However, a lot of artificial coloring does not necessarily indicate youth.

It is advisable not to try to shape your lips; that is, do not try to make them a different shape than they are. Make a bow on the upper and an arc on the lower lip with your lipstick. That is all the color required. Use a very small amount of cleansing cream and rub this over the lips until the color has been well blended. Be sure and do not allow this color to get outside the lip edges, as this gives a very bad effect to the whole face. Once it is smeared it cannot be covered up successfully with powder or base cream. Do not overlook the fact that the color must be spread well inside, back beyond where the lips meet. This will eliminate the dark rouge line where they meet. This method is as near permanent as it is possible to obtain, harmlessly.

Perfect eyes and hair surrounded by make-up as exemplified by the Meadows system—Lelia Hyams, screen star

Matching the neck with the face is a very important thing to do and is usually overlooked. You should have the same color of skin on your neck as you have on your face and you should keep this part in good condition by having it protected.

This is done with finishing lotion and this lotion is to be applied to any exposed part of the body except the face. You already have applied a flexible protection to the face and the finishing lotion does the same thing for the body. In other words, if you go in bathing you will apply it to the neck, arms and legs. You will not tan, freckle or sunburn through it, it will not come off in salt or fresh water and it will not come off on the darkest clothing, not even a black tuxedo.

A very small amount is sufficient and it is applied by stroking it on the skin, always in the same direction until dry. Do not apply with a sponge or cotton. It does not matter which way, but I warn you not to rub back and forth or round and round, as this will leave the surface uneven. If you will follow carefully these suggestions, your neck and arms will not have a powdered look but rather a soft and finished appearance. No powder is necessary over finishing lotion. This is to be removed with soap and water.

The Dish I Like Best

By Graham McNamee

How I love chestnuts! This won't come as a surprise to some of my friends who like to rib me—and to suggest that my best jokes are chestnuts. But this is no joke—it's a chestnut of another flavor. To me, the finest flavor comes out in Puree of Chestnuts.

To make this priceless puree, first soak your chestnuts. Soak them well—preferably overnight. Then boil them in salt water. Add an onion or two while the nuts are cooking. When the mass is quite soft, press it through a large sieve.

After the soft pulp has been pushed through the sieve, put it in a saucepan. Add a piece of butter, the size depending upon your individual taste. Then, putting the saucepan over a slow flame, stir in a cupful of milk.

That's the recipe—but for me there is one more ingredient, and that is the *time* to eat the dish I like best. It adds greatly to my enjoyment if I consume the dish after a hard, exhausting assignment. I like to go home, stretch out for a few minutes of relaxation, and then tickle my palate and soothe my soul with this cream of chestnuts. But of course I don't find it hard to take this delicacy at any time.

One word more about that recipe: any good cook will see plenty of opportunity to vary it to suit individual tastes. For example, I mentioned that the amount of butter can be varied. I know one purée-hound who uses no butter at all. For my own taste, there must be plenty. Similarly, the amount of milk, the quantity of onion, even the amount of salt put into the water in which the chestnuts are boiled, will depend upon the taste of the individual. A little experimentation may be necessary, if you would bring your puree to a state of perfection.

Wave Marks

Signals. The Fred Warings are lining a little nest in preparation for the stork, due around October. Fred, always a family man, is delighted. Even his band is a sort of merger of musical families.

Meter. The musical and artistic Martha Boswell, of the CBS Boswell trio, birthdayed this June 9. If planning a present, remember that Martha likes paintings, drawings. She once won a prize in art school—and she likes to play stately minuets on the piano and off the air.

Meter. William Miller, NBC director of special events broadcasts, always hates to see his name published without the middle one—"Burke"—being given in full. Since his birthday is June 20—here goes: "William Burke Miller." He'll be 30; comes from Louisville, Ky.

Meter. Johnny Hart, NBC comedy sketch actor, probably will be one year younger when he birthdays on June 21. Why? Witness: Johnny always wanted to be a lawyer, so he studied singing—saw a navy poster so he joined the army. He's 34 this month.

Meter. Phil Duey, NBC baritone of the Men About Town, will receive a birthday present from his wife this June 22. The present? Permission to vocalize at home on that one day. Other days she makes him rehearse solely in NBC studios! He'll be 32.

Meter. Lee Sims, pianist, can ad lib wedding anniversary greetings to his wife, Homay Bailey, on June 15 if he chooses. They were married in 1929. Sims has the privilege of improvising over the air without preparation or rehearsal.

Meter. Alden Edkins, NBC baritone and winner of an Atwater Kent audition, was born June 19, 1907, at Somerville, Mass.

Meter. Another wedding celebrationist is Paul Keast, CBS baritone, who was wed June 21 six years ago.

Meter. Happy Birthday on June 24 to Juanita Meyers, wife of Wilson E. Meyers, arranger and bass of NBC's Spirits of Rhythm.

Meter. Marley Sherris, NBC master of ceremonies and announcer, was born June 23, 1894, in Toronto, Canada.

Coming Up. "De" Shilkret to you! Nathaniel couldn't get out of Lindsborg, Kansas, recently, without collecting a degree of Doctor of Music from Bethany College. Will this change the tempo of Shilkret-directed Beauty Box Theater orchestra?

Coming Up. And Ed Wynn suddenly becomes a Yale 24-er. This college class made Ed a college boy by acclamation, proving that all the sense of humor isn't on one side of the mike.

Radio Road to Health

By Doctor Shirley W. Wynne

Doctor Wynne This Week Discusses How to Enjoy Bathing and Minimize Its Hazards and Risks

Sylvia Froos, glamour-out star of screen and radio, shows wearing the very latest in bathing suits. Miss Froos will wear this costume when she does her swimming this summer—safely, according to the rules prescribed by Doctor Wynne. Every Thursday and Saturday evening Miss Froos sings over a CBS network.

The outdoor bathing season has arrived. The ocean and lakes and rivers ripple a welcome to the tired-out, uncomfortably warm millions of toilers.

Outdoor bathing is healthful. It is refreshing. It offers complete relaxation. And swimming and diving are fine exercises that bring into play all the muscles of the body.

Yet every summer witnesses many a tragedy as a result of this outdoor bathing. Every Monday morning the headlines the country over tell the story of many deaths occurring over the week-end. This country loses 8,000 citizens—most of them boys and young men—by drowning every year. In most instances carelessness and overconfidence are responsible.

Strangely enough, frequently drowning takes those who know how to swim. They have too high an opinion of their ability. They want to show off. They get cramps, they get chilled or they become exhausted because they have attempted to swim too far. Moderation in swimming is as necessary as moderation in all other things of life.

Do not stay in the water too long. The first day you go in, make your stay a short one. Increase the amount of time you stay in the water gradually, day by day.

You must learn how long you can stay in the water without becoming chilled, how many times you can dive, how far you can swim without becoming exhausted. Exhaustion is dangerous.

Do not go into the water immediately after a heavy meal. Give your food a chance to become digested.

Do not swim if you are completely tired out, or if you are feeling below par in any way.

A person subject to attacks of epilepsy never should indulge in swimming.

Persons having kidney or heart disease or high blood-pressure may possibly be permitted to bathe, but only for a very limited time and solely on the advice of their physicians.

Do not go swimming alone. A partner adds to safety. Stay near enough to other bathers so that in case of accident you can get their attention and help.

When you are in deep water, do not suddenly decide to try to find the bottom. Panic is responsible for many deaths.

Everyone should know how to swim. Many summer drownings could be prevented if instructions in swimming were made compulsory in our schools. If you do not know how to swim, learn how—not just "some time" but *right now*.

Absolute self-control is necessary when you are in the water. If you lose your self-control a single convulsive breath may mean death. When water touches the opening of the windpipe, it may cause a spasm of that pipe which will draw water into the lungs.

The average person is all too likely to lose his self-control, so that the head becomes immersed and water fills the stomach; the lower part of the body becomes heavy and sinks, drawing the head with it. The subconscious knowledge that he must breathe is what leads the drowning person to make his greatest mistake. He tries to breathe under water, instead of holding his breath until he comes to the surface.

If you are in danger of drowning, try not to struggle. Turn your back, kick with your legs and float until you have become quiet and have regained your self-control. Drowning persons become panicky, and it is that terrible state of panic that prevents them from making a worth-while attempt to save their own lives.

Every week Doctor Wynn will answer questions pertaining to health, sent to him by his radio audience, as well as by readers of RADIO GUIDE. These questions will be answered here; they will not be answered by direct mail.

Doctor Wynn cannot prescribe in specific cases. He will, however, answer such general questions as will be of interest to all. Address YOUR health questions to Doctor Shirley W. Wynne, in care of RADIO GUIDE, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Q. What is the best treatment for a "Charley horse"?
A. The best treatment for "Charley horse" is prevention. "Charley horse" is due to excessive exercise, especially in persons who have grown "soft" or who have not exercised in some time. The moral is—break in slowly! A good rub-down with a hot and cold shower afterward, will do much to prevent it.

Q. What is the best treatment for "athlete's foot"?
A. The condition known as "athlete's foot" is an infection which usually is picked up by walking on dressing room floors and floors surrounding pools, without slippers. The best prevention is to wear a bathing slipper to and from the pool. Many of the firms have antiseptic solutions in which to dip the feet to prevent this condition.

Hours to Come

Announcement will be made shortly of the first admission charge to a broadcast at NBC, with the proceeds to go to a well known charity, and the main studio, with 1,500 capacity, housing the show . . . Next big movie name to come to the airwaves will be Edward G. Robinson, who is in New York reading thirteen scripts for a commercial dramatic program . . . The evening spot which Tony Wons will have in the fall will be a Sunday show . . . Edith Murray's Warner Brother shorts will land her a Hollywood contract . . . Sid Gary is auditioning for Kings Beer on CBS . . . The Saxon Sisters have two big commercials coming up within six weeks . . . Billy Huggins, the Southern boy, is auditioning for a fifteen-minute show for a Dixie tobacco sponsor . . . Paul Whiteman has three weeks Loew booking in July . . . Vincent Lopez leaves the St. Regis in six weeks to go to Chicago, and thence to the coast . . . Dave Freedman has written three new shows for Baby Rose Marie's return to the airwaves . . . George Givot turned down three commercial programs because he figured that his forthcoming half hour CBS sustaining, with Freddie Rich's orchestra, will build him into a more valuable attraction . . . The Yacht Club Boys embark on a six weeks Loew tour within a few weeks . . . Jerry Cooper makes his first eastern vaudeville appearance at the Roxy the first week in July . . . Yorke and King are peddling a Yankee-Rebel script to the agencies . . . Irene Taylor's vaudeville tour ends in Denver in August, when she returns east to go back on the NBC airwaves . . . Lee Sims and Homay Bailey are booked for screen tests when they return from their Philadelphia vaudeville engagement June 22 . . . Jeannie Lang will double at two World's Fair night spots during her engagement at the Chicago Theater . . . Gladys Swarthout has contracted with the Radio Recording Studios for discs on all her twenty-six commercial programs . . . A new children's hour, similar to the Wizard of Oz, written by Frank Novak and Zora Layman, goes on NBC in August . . . Jack Fren, Erno Rapee's arranger, is coaching a society girl, who recently made a Carnegie Hall debut, for a radio spot . . . Maria Jamieson, who conducts the Maria Cerio Maxwell House matinee program, will conduct regular auditions for new talent . . . A Broadway musical looms for George Jessel in the fall . . . Don Bestor has renewed on General Tire for twenty-six weeks, with an option for an additional twenty-six . . . Scoop! Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, and all the lads come to Atlantic City for the summer . . . When Ben Pollack winds up his current six weeks at the Hotel New Yorker, he opens a six weeks Loew booking . . . And there are whispers (nothing definite yet) that George Hall, who was at the Taft for so long, follows Ben into the N'Yorker . . . By way of contradicting unseaworthy rumors, Reggie Childs and his band will remain at the Roosevelt until early winter . . . The Country Gentlemen, (Ray Johnson, Del Porter, and Marshall Smith) get a twice a week CBS sustaining in July . . . The Oldsmobile company is catching up with production, so Johnny Green goes back on the air for the motor concern in August . . . The Spirits of Rhythm are booked into the World's Fair for the last week of June . . . Marion Parsonnet, ex-dramatic director for CBS, opens the Beechwood Theater, at Scarborough, N. Y., on June 26 . . . Joe Penner goes to the coast in July to make "College Rhythm" for Paramount, with Lanny Ross also in the cast . . . Joe Cook's Hollywood trip is postponed until sometime in July . . . Harry Horlick has signed Robert Simmons to accompany him on a vaudeville tour beginning in August.

Bulls and Boners

One dollar is paid for each Bull and Boner published. Be sure to include hour, date and station over which heard

Tony Wons:—"A woman I know once fell into a lot of money."—Miss Eulalie Ivey, Augusta, Ga.
May 28; WBT; 10:40 a. m.

Eddie Cantor:—"You can find 18,000 seats for 50 cents."—Victor F. Hawker, Los Angeles, Calif.
May 16; KFI; 9:13 p. m.

Announcer:—"Small children with families admitted free."—Miss N. Farry, New Haven, Conn.
May 26; WICC; 1:55 p. m.

Announcer:—"The place is decorated with bunting and the President of the United States strung from one side to the other of the huge speaker's stand."—Olive E. Clithero, Janesville, Wis.
May 30; WMAQ; 3:36 p. m.

Paul Sullivan:—"'MEPA' eggs are strictly fresh. They have to be fresh, for they are gathered the day before they are laid."—Chester Markert, St. Louis, Mo.
May 30; KSD; 5:40 p. m.

News Announcer:—"The girl was strapped on her front lawn."—Dorothy Wedge, North Andover, Mass.
June 2; Yankee Network; 12:26 p. m.

News Announcer:—"The Doctor remained under the farm-house roof all night to pull the babies through."—Mrs. G. H. Payne, Barrington, N. J.
May 29; WJZ; 10:50 a. m.

Announcer:—"The most delicious doughnut recipe you ever put in your mouth."—J. P. Gilchrest, Osceola, Iowa.
April 30; WHB; 11:53 a. m.

Julian Bentley:—"We have a report of an epidemic of rabies. Several people were bitten in the heat."—Mrs. E. Fischer, Gary, Ind.
June 1; WLS; 8:10 a. m.

Announcer:—"This summer thousands of new people will pick up athlete's foot."—Mrs. R. G. Stilwell, Slidell, La.
June 2; WWL; 7:45 p. m.

The Child's Hour

By Nila Mack

Director of All Children's Programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System, this Week Considers the Problem of the Temperamental Child

One child who is "temperamental" and who would respond admirably to the [illegible] used by Miss Mack

Temperamental children can be divided roughly into two groups. Those who have been over-indulged by their parents and [illegible] the [illegible] expect [illegible] they [illegible] the temperamental child- [illegible] with the [illegible] home life and the upbringing.

Temperament [illegible] children might better be described as [illegible] ... disappointment [illegible] they [illegible]

Many [illegible] the studio [illegible] child from crying [illegible]

Then again, parents expect [illegible] too much [illegible] the temperamental storm [illegible] of a child [illegible] one way or another [illegible] as long as [illegible] temperament [illegible]

Temperamental children [illegible] to handle [illegible] youngsters with whom they come in contact, particularly in radio and stage work.

I [illegible] little bit of femininity [illegible] who completely upset a rehearsal because the part which she [illegible] to play was given to another child, and her behaviour [illegible] during the hour when the program went on the air.

One day when one of the children, the very youngest [illegible] group [illegible] to play the mother-mermaid in all "A [illegible]" drama [illegible], she gravely accepted her script. Perched on a chair with her [illegible] legs sticking straight out in front of her she began marking her speeches and the rehearsal started. As the mother she was naturally older [illegible] than the rest [illegible] and how [illegible] were the people of the mortal world.

[illegible] a word [illegible] her. At that time [illegible] but she [illegible] about three [illegible] to handle [illegible] the time was slipping up on [illegible] and we were to go on the air in a very short time.

When the [illegible] words came along and she couldn't make them [illegible] quick change in cast and give [illegible] the older girls her part and [illegible]

[illegible] a pause while [illegible] how long the [illegible] managed [illegible] for the air show. I have never seen such temperament. She [illegible] the [illegible] the script [illegible]

When I started [illegible] her in time for the show. But [illegible] real-ized that the whole difficulty was [illegible] ever estimated the child's understanding. [illegible] seemed very simple [illegible] over her head. If then [illegible] understand them, how would [illegible] children [illegible] be able to [illegible] a story designed especially for them?

And that's another thing I [illegible] about children [illegible]

[illegible] in writing stories for children. And my temperamental queen [illegible] happy.

The time [illegible] shows when the [illegible] upon children should be [illegible] the [illegible] temperament [illegible] development [illegible] more [illegible] is not possible [illegible] intelligent.

Flashes of Best Fun

Fred Allen: I'm going to [illegible] lunch.
Secretary: [illegible] long will you be gone?
Fred Allen: [illegible] hours.
Secretary: [illegible] hours for lunch?
Fred Allen: Yes. I'm having lunch with [illegible] and he usually [illegible] snails. **—Hour of Smiles**

Ed Wynn: The [illegible] pulled one of my dog's teeth—one of his bicuspid teeth.
Graham McNamee: You mean one of his [illegible]?
Ed Wynn: No, I mean one of his [illegible]. The dog [illegible]. **—Texaco**

George Burns: [illegible] this is some boarding house. The [illegible] beds are made of wax and your strawberry shortcake is short of strawberries. **—Burns and Allen**

[illegible]: [illegible] just [illegible] the [illegible] he sold her that new car [illegible]. He had promised to replace all [illegible] short rib [illegible] cuticle [illegible] teeth and a [illegible] **—Hoosier Philosopher**

Ed Wynn: The doctor said "I've just operated on a man but I'm afraid I used too much catgut to sew him up. Before the operation his stomach growled, but now it meows." **—Texaco**

Portland Hoffa: My grandfather is going to march in the Memorial Day Parade with the Confederates.
Fred Allen: But he fought with the [illegible].
Portland Hoffa: Yes, but he's getting old. [illegible] so many years [illegible] blue and [illegible] **—Hour of Smiles**

Goodman Ace: You probably don't know the meaning of [illegible].
Jane Ace: Why, of course I do. It's the day they signed the Declaration of Independence. **—Easy Aces**

Charley: Here! What? A baseball game at the bottom of the ocean?
Baron: [illegible]—
Charley: Ridiculous! Impossible! [illegible] never heard of a baseball game at the bottom of the ocean.
Baron: Didn't you ever hear of Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea? **—Royal Gelatin**

Monk: Quiet please. The Pasha will now show his [illegible] powers. [illegible] I shall blindfold him.
Joe: Yes, look [illegible] blindfold me.
Monk: He is now blindfolded. Can you see anything, Pasha?
Joe: Not a single solitary thing.
Monk: He can't see a thing!
Joe: No, sir. I can't even see that [illegible] over there with the red tie and the gold watch! **—Bakers' Broadcast**

Your Grouch Box

H[illegible] radio grouch? Millions of [illegible] ... [illegible] radio.

[illegible] Grouch Box [illegible] radio.

[illegible] sponsors and artists [illegible] help them in improving their offerings [illegible]

This correspondent wants song singers—not song pluggers.

Dear [illegible]: Radio stars who appear in motion pictures [illegible] take up [illegible] their radio programs [illegible] the songs they sing in their pictures. Once or twice wouldn't be so bad, but the songs become [illegible] hearing the same [illegible] on innumerable occasions. There ought to be a rule [illegible] the same songs, no matter how often requested, only a reasonable number of times.

Ashland, Ky.

MISS [illegible] HOFFMAN

Now comes another protest against local stations "sandwiching" advertising plugs into network broadcasts.

[illegible]

A lover of music and [illegible] steps out to be a [illegible] grouch.

[illegible]

Geneva, Ill. [illegible]

From another would-be killer of [illegible] programs comes this [illegible] of protest.

Dear [illegible]: We [illegible] the wrong kind of [illegible] children's programs.

La Crosse, Wisconsin M. A. D.

The Voice of the Listener

This department is solely for the use of the readers as a place in which to voice opinions and exchange views about radio. You are at liberty to speak freely so LET'S GET TOGETHER AND TALK THINGS OVER. Address your letters to VOL Editor, care of RADIO GUIDE, 423 Plymouth Court, Chicago, Ill. You are urged to send in your photograph when writing but failure to include a picture will not bar your letter from publication. RADIO GUIDE assumes no responsibility for returning your photograph but will be as careful as possible in handling it. Whenever possible letters are used in the order of their receipt.

Much Ado About Little

Dear VOL: Brooklyn, N. Y.

[illegible]

Max M. Adler

[illegible]

Max M. Adler

Wrench for Plummer

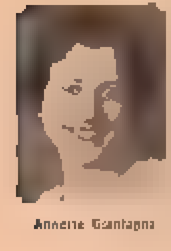
Dear VOL: Topeka, Kans.

[illegible]

King Takes a Trick

Dear VOL: Brooklyn, N. Y.

[illegible]



Annette Giantagna

[illegible]

Annette Giantagna

Simply Simons

Dear VOL: Chicago, Ill.

[illegible]

Huge Scandal Power

Dear VOL: Flushing, N. Y.

[illegible]

Customer, By George

Dear VOL: New York, N. Y.

[illegible]

Back-to-Bach

Dear VOL: Chicago, Ill.

[illegible]

One Big MIKEroscope

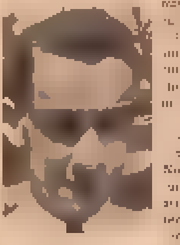
Dear VOL: Medford, Mass.

[illegible]

Kemp Kollege Kareer

Dear VOL: Chapel Hill, N. C.

[illegible]



James Mack

[illegible]

James Mack

Timely Comment

Dear VOL: Los Angeles, Calif.

[illegible]

Art—And the Artists

Dear VOL: Chicago, Ill.

[illegible]

All-Star Favorites

Dear VOL: Philadelphia, Pa.

[illegible]

Sung for Non-support

Dear VOL: New York, N. Y.

[illegible]

Tambur

[illegible]

The Jack of Hearts

Dear VOL: Philadelphia, Pa.

[illegible]

A. Hallerite

[illegible]

Matinee Standards

Dear VOL: Oshkosh, Wis.

[illegible]

The Versatile Fidler

Dear VOL: Calif.

[illegible]

Mike Butler

[illegible]

Mike Butler

Sponsors' Response

Dear VOL: York, Pa.

[illegible]

So, 500,000 Whats?

Dear VOL:

[illegible]

Laughing Killer

Another Thrilling Detective Story in the Series, "CALLING ALL CARS"—Actual Crimes Portraying Radio as the Defender of Law

By Moorhead Green

Sam Greene, from a photograph taken at police headquarters after his arrest. Note the hardened, serious face—not the face of a man one would expect to laugh while he killed.

No one knows when Death may find him, nor what shape that Death [illegible]. But all [illegible] Morris [illegible] a heat and [illegible] pump when he turned at the sound of quick footsteps [illegible] and saw [illegible] two young men, well-dressed in gray [illegible] and light fedora hats, whose faces [illegible] by reddish glare.

[illegible] was only [illegible] neon sign which hung above the [illegible] door. The [illegible] fingers were [illegible] young fellows. The [illegible] rubbed [illegible]

"Where's [illegible] chromium, eh?"

[illegible] inside the station, and the [illegible] nodded and went in. He pumped [illegible] gallons of gas and made change [illegible] dollar bill. The customers [illegible] away and suddenly the night was very lonely [illegible]

[illegible] breathe.

[illegible] made the station. There was no sound [illegible] men in the [illegible] room. [illegible] the door [illegible] felt [illegible]

He went [illegible] back of the [illegible] room and [illegible] strange [illegible] those two young [illegible] smiling [illegible] wished that they would [illegible] and mind their business.

There wasn't much cash in the [illegible] and more [illegible] Morse wondered just what he [illegible] to do. His job was [illegible] personal important [illegible] working [illegible] came [illegible] mother [illegible] a good girl [illegible] and they [illegible]

[illegible] on the [illegible] people [illegible] only [illegible] months of [illegible] and [illegible] his job.

It was a good job [illegible] There [illegible] enough [illegible] up the rent [illegible] enough to keep [illegible] up the [illegible] girl all [illegible]

[illegible] fellows who [illegible]

[illegible] looking down [illegible] Then he [illegible] the money [illegible] the audit is [illegible]."

[illegible] the cash drawer [illegible] bill [illegible] from the [illegible] sight.

[illegible] an automatic pistol in his [illegible] muzzle was pointed [illegible] pocket.

He was a small, dapper fellow, almost dainty in his bearing. His tiny feet were covered by black shoes polished like ebon mirrors and he was smiling.

The smile was almost a snarl. The lips were curved back to show yellow canine teeth.

"Don't move, there!"

Morris Weisel [illegible] move. He couldn't do anything. [illegible] to its employees [illegible] not to put up any resistance in case of a holdup. [illegible] employers held human life [illegible] dollars.

Besides, there [illegible] something [illegible] paralyzing about the sight of a [illegible] automatic [illegible] straight at the [illegible] in a man's pocket. [illegible] save himself.

[illegible] the gun [illegible] keeping his [illegible] over the [illegible] gas [illegible]

[illegible] the gun [illegible] cash register. [illegible] grabbed [illegible] fingers of the [illegible]

[illegible] said [illegible] No more [illegible]

The man with the gun smiled even [illegible] face seemed [illegible] came [illegible]

"Where's the rest of the [illegible], fellow?"

[illegible] tongue had dried to [illegible]

"[illegible] there [illegible]"

The man with the gun came closer. [illegible] Where [illegible]

[illegible] couldn't [illegible] no more.

[illegible]

"[illegible] in his watch pocket," he [illegible] saw you put the [illegible] money in [illegible] pocket.

[illegible]

"[illegible]" Weisel was [illegible] what [illegible] money [illegible] lose my job. Any [illegible]

"[illegible]," said the man with the [illegible] company [illegible] Where's the rest of the [illegible]

[illegible] there wasn't any more.

The [illegible] of the bandits was restive. Any [illegible] a car might pull up for gasoline.

"Come on, let's get out of here," he urged.

(Continued on Page 33)

Where's the rest of the [illegible], fellow? [illegible] We saw you put the till money in your pocket.

$5,000 IN CASH

For Solving RADIO GUIDE'S NAME-the-STARS Contest!

Set No. 10

NAME OF THIS

RADIO STAR IS

NAME OF THIS

RADIO STAR IS

THE RULES:

WHO IS ELIGIBLE? This contest is open to everyone except employes of Radio Guide and their relatives. It is FREE.

WHAT TO DO? Name the Radio Stars represented by the cartoon pictures appearing each week in Radio Guide. Two pictures will appear in each consecutive issue. There are thirty pictures in all, representing thirty radio stars. All stars used in this contest will be those whose names appear in the pages of Radio Guide.

WHERE TO SEND? Hold all pictures until you have the complete series. Then send them to Name-the-Stars Contest, Radio Guide, [illegible] Plymouth Court, Chicago. With your entry send a short letter of 20 words or less giving your name and address and telling which of the 30 stars you like best and why. All entries must be in by midnight eleven days after the date of issue containing the last set of pictures.

THE JUDGES. $5,000 in cash prizes will be paid by Radio Guide to the persons who send in the best answers in accordance with these rules. A committee of judges will be appointed by Radio Guide and its decision in all matters will be final. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

NO HARD WORK. This contest is presented solely for your entertainment. Just test your skill. You do not have to solicit subscriptions or do any other work. You do not even have to buy Radio Guide. You may copy or trace the pictures. Radio Guide may be examined free at our offices or libraries or at Radio Stations.

440 BIG CASH PRIZES!

1st Prize	$1,000
2nd Prize	500
3rd Prize	250
Next 2 Prizes $100 each	200
Next 5 Prizes $50 each	250
Next 20 Prizes $25 each	500
Next 50 Prizes $10 each	500
Next 360 Prizes $5 each	1,800
440 PRIZES TOTALING	$5,000

NOTICE!

For back copies containing previous sets of pictures in this contest see your newsdealer.

GET NEXT PICTURES IN NEXT WEEK'S RADIO GUIDE

Rudy Vallee's Questionnaire

Continued from Page 3

public [illegible] school dance [illegible] high school [illegible] Secre- [illegible]

Q. [illegible] which you [illegible] once a week at [illegible]

[illegible] the result of hard [illegible]

Q. What [illegible] most [illegible] A. [illegible]

[illegible] A. [illegible]

Q. [illegible] A. [illegible] college [illegible]

Q. [illegible] memory? A. [illegible]

Q. [illegible] memory? A. [illegible]

Q. [illegible] A. [illegible] whom [illegible]

[illegible] the best trait? [illegible] A. [illegible] people [illegible] people who, by [illegible] have caused me [illegible] have [illegible] people who [illegible] are [illegible] The [illegible]

Q. [illegible] A. Spinach [illegible]

[illegible] A. Yes [illegible]

Q. Any particular thing [illegible] to accomplish [illegible] present programs? A. The bringing [illegible] of music [illegible] simple form.

Q. What are some [illegible] you have [illegible] A. [illegible] belief and [illegible] on the part of [illegible] of [illegible] people who work [illegible] me and for me.

Q. [illegible] definite [illegible] which [illegible] A. [illegible] an [illegible] amount of [illegible] which might [illegible] of music.

[illegible] A. [illegible]

[illegible] might [illegible] A. [illegible] of being high-hat [illegible] my manner of [illegible] or some [illegible] is responsible that [illegible] the least [illegible] person in the world [illegible] is [illegible] from being [illegible] but [illegible] am happy in the [illegible] appeals to some

people [illegible] others [illegible]

Q. [illegible] A. [illegible]

Q. [illegible] A. [illegible]

Q. [illegible] A. [illegible]

Q. [illegible] A. [illegible] Rubinoff [illegible]

Q. What [illegible] in your [illegible] A. [illegible] neighbors [illegible]

Q. What is the [illegible] achievements [illegible] A. [illegible]

Q. Were you ever a Boy Scout? A. No [illegible]

Q. [illegible] anything else? A. [illegible]

Q. What [illegible] A. English [illegible]

Q. What do you like best about radio? A. [illegible]

Q. [illegible] A. Yes [illegible] radio [illegible] different [illegible] friends [illegible] themselves [illegible] singer [illegible]

[illegible] a million dollars [illegible] your quit radio? A. [illegible]

Q. [illegible] radio [illegible] great [illegible] A. [illegible]

Q. [illegible] A. [illegible] at Yale [illegible]

Q. [illegible] your own [illegible] you think [illegible] public [illegible] A. I do not believe [illegible] exactly [illegible] I believe [illegible] popular [illegible] than [illegible] those who [illegible] favorite American [illegible] believe [illegible] music will go down through the years [illegible] A. [illegible]

Q. When do you usually get up? A. [illegible]

The Cover Girl

L[illegible] the cover girl this week [illegible] only 2[illegible] years old [illegible] has been [illegible] seventeen years [illegible] break [illegible] the career [illegible] When a number of the [illegible] was called [illegible] who [illegible] had been [illegible] way [illegible] The [illegible] An unusual [illegible] judge Benjamin [illegible] and after weighing the testimony he gave the [illegible] the other part. Not long [illegible] has been [illegible] ever since.

[illegible] WABC [illegible] orchestra.

[illegible] has brown hair and eyes.

Under-studying The Zoo

When the Mechanical Sound Devices Fall Short of Realism or Become Too Complicated, the Radio Moguls Call Upon Brad Barker for those Roars, Snarls and Screeches

[illegible]

[illegible]

On Short Waves

[illegible]

Sunday, June 17

Log of Stations

Notice

MORNING

AFTERNOON

High Spot Selections For Sunday

NIGHT

Reviewing Radio

Monday, June 18

Early Morning Programs For The Week

MORNING

AFTERNOON

High Spot Selections For Monday

[illegible]

2:30 CDT p.m. CST 1:30

WTMJ [illegible]

2:55 CDT p.m. CST 1:55

WTMJ [illegible]

3:00 CDT p.m. CST 2:00

NBC [illegible] WEAF WTAM

CBS [illegible] WABC WBBM

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

WHEC [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WMAQ [illegible]

WMBI [illegible]

WSBC [illegible]

3:30 CDT p.m. CST 2:30

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

WTM [illegible]

4:00 CDT p.m. CST 3:00

BS [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

3:40 CDT p.m. CST 2:40

WFBD [illegible]

4:45 CDT p.m. CST 3:45

NBC [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

5:00 CDT p.m. CST 4:00

WMAQ [illegible]

WMBI [illegible]

WSBC [illegible]

5:00 CDT p.m. CST 4:00

NBC [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WTM [illegible]

5:00 CDT p.m. CST 4:00

WTM [illegible]

5:15 CDT p.m. CST 4:15

WCFL [illegible]

5:30 CDT p.m. CST 4:30

NBC [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

5:45 CDT p.m. CST 4:45

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGES [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WIND [illegible]

WTM [illegible]

6:00 CDT p.m. CST 5:00

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WIND [illegible]

WMAQ [illegible]

WTM [illegible]

6:15 CDT p.m. CST 5:15

WCFL [illegible]

6:30 CDT p.m. CST 5:30

WENR [illegible]

6:30 CDT p.m. CST 5:30

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

7:00 CDT p.m. CST 6:00

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WIND [illegible]

WTM [illegible]

6:45 CDT p.m. CST 5:45

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WIND [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

7:00 CDT p.m. CST 6:00

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

NIGHT

8:00 CDT p.m. CST 7:00

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGES [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WHB [illegible]

WIND [illegible] Wilbur Klem

WMAQ [illegible]

WMBI [illegible]

WTAM [illegible]

WTM [illegible]

8:15 CDT p.m. CST 7:15

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WIND [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

WMAQ [illegible]

WSBC [illegible]

8:30 CDT p.m. CST 7:30

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WIND [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

WMAQ [illegible]

WMBI [illegible]

WSBC [illegible]

8:45 CDT p.m. CST 7:45

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WIND [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

9:00 CDT p.m. CST 8:00

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WIND [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

WMAQ [illegible]

WSBC [illegible]

9:15 CDT p.m. CST 8:15

WGN [illegible]

9:30 CDT p.m. CST 8:30

CBS [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WIND [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

WMAQ [illegible]

WMBI [illegible]

WSBC [illegible]

9:45 CDT p.m. CST 8:45

WBBM [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WENR [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

WMAQ [illegible]

WMBI [illegible]

10:00 CDT p.m. CST 9:00

NBC [illegible]

CBS [illegible]

NBC [illegible]

KYW [illegible]

WBBM [illegible]

WCFL [illegible]

WGN [illegible]

WLW [illegible]

10:15 CDT p.m. CST 9:15

KYW [illegible]

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Tuesday, June 19

MORNING

For Monday for Listings Before 8 a.m.

AFTERNOON

High Spot Selections For Tuesday

NIGHT

Wednesday, June 20

TUESDAY CONTINUED

MORNING

See Monday for Listing Before 9 a.m.

AFTERNOON

High Spot Selections For Wednesday

Time Given is Central Daylight

12:30 p.m. American Conception of Advertising Federation of America. Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture speaks. NBC-WMAQ network.

6:30 p.m. Lum and Abner, comedians. NBC-WMAQ network.

7:00 p.m. Jack Pearl, the Baron, with Van Steeden's orchestra. NBC-WMAQ net.

8 p.m. Broadway Vanities. Everett Marshall, baritone. CBS-WBBM network.

8:00 p.m. Fred Allen's Revue, Lennie Hayton orchestra. NBC-WMAQ network.

8:00 p.m. Gene Martin, Metropolitan tenor, Rudolphian orchestra, chorus. CBS-WBBM.

8:30 p.m. Life's Story, James Dunn, in "What a Halfwit," by Bess Ames Williams. NBC-WENR network.

9:00 p.m. Maria Lopez, Mexican Lopez orchestra, Frances Langford. NBC-WMAQ.

9:30 p.m. Hour Dolomites, John B. Kennedy, Jack Denny's orchestra. NBC-WENR net.

9:30 p.m. Albert Spalding, violinist. Conrad Thibault, Voorhees orchestra. CBS-WBBM network.

5:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 4:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WTAM

CBS— [illegible] Scholand, [illegible] Ann of the Air

KYW— [illegible]

WMB— [illegible]

5:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:45

WCBD— [illegible]

6:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:45

NBC— [illegible] children's program

WEAF [illegible]

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

WENR— [illegible]

WLW— [illegible]

6:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ WENR

WCFL— [illegible] talk

6:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

WCFL— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

6:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

WCFL— [illegible]

WLW— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTMJ— [illegible]

6:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCBD— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible] BPI

7:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 6:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WGES— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WMJ— [illegible]

7:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 6:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WTAM WMAQ

CBS— [illegible] WABC WBBM WMAQ

NBC— [illegible] WENR

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

7:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 6:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WTAM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

CBS— [illegible] General Mills, Inc.

WGN— [illegible]

WLW— [illegible] "Cecil in the Limit" Safety [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

7:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 6:45

NBC— [illegible] Western [illegible] WTAM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

CBS— [illegible] General Mills, Inc.

WGN— [illegible]

WLW— [illegible] General Mills, Inc.

WTAM— [illegible]

8:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 7:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WMAQ

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

8:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 7:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

8:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 7:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

9:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 8:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

9:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 8:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

9:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 8:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

9:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 8:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

10:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 9:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

10:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 9:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

10:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 9:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

10:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 9:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

11:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 10:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

11:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 10:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

11:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 10:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

11:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 10:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

12:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 11:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

12:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 11:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

12:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 11:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

12:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 11:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

1:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 12:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

1:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 12:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

1:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 12:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

1:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 12:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

2:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 1:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

2:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 1:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

2:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 1:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

2:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 1:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

3:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 2:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

3:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 2:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

3:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 2:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

3:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 2:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

4:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 3:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

4:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 3:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

4:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 3:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

4:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 3:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

5:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 4:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

5:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 4:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

5:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 4:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

5:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 4:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

6:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:00

CBS— [illegible] WABC

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW

KYW— [illegible]

WBBM— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGES— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WLW— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

6:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

6:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

6:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 5:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WTAM WMAQ

CBS— [illegible] WABC WBBM KMOX

NBC— [illegible] WENR

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

7:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 6:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC WBBM KMOX

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

7:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 6:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC WBBM KMOX

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

7:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 6:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC WBBM KMOX

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

7:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 6:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC WBBM KMOX

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

8:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 7:00

CBS— [illegible] WABC

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

8:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 7:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

8:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 7:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

8:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 7:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

9:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 8:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

9:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 8:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

9:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 8:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

9:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 8:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

10:00 CDT—p.m.—CST 9:00

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

10:15 CDT—p.m.—CST 9:15

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

10:30 CDT—p.m.—CST 9:30

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

10:45 CDT—p.m.—CST 9:45

NBC— [illegible] WEAF WLW WTAM

CBS— [illegible] WABC KMOX WBBM

NBC— [illegible] WMAQ

KYW— [illegible]

WCFL— [illegible]

WENR— [illegible]

WGN— [illegible]

WMAQ— [illegible]

WTAM— [illegible]

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Thursday, June 21

MORNING

See Monday for Listings Before 9 a.m.

9:00 CDT a.m. CST 8:00

CBS—

NBC—

WGN—

WLW

9:15 CDT a.m. CST 8:15

NBC—

KYW

WBBM—

WLBD—

WCFL

WGES—

WENR—

WJJD—

9:30 CDT a.m. CST 8:30

NBC—

KYW—

WBBM—

WCFL

WGES—

WGN—

WLW

WSBC

WIND—

WJD

9:45 CDT a.m. CST 8:45

CBS—

WBBM—

WGN

10:00 CDT a.m. CST 9:00

CBS—

WBBM—

WGN

WLW

WSBC

10:15 CDT a.m. CST 9:15

NBC—

KYW

WL

WGES

WIND—

WJJD—

WTM

10:30 CDT a.m. CST 9:30

NBC—

WMAQ

10:45 CDT a.m. CST 9:45

CBS—

NBC

KYW

WL

WGES

WIND—

WJJD—

WTM

11:00 CDT a.m. CST 10:00

CBS—

CBS—

NBC

KYW—

WCFL

WMAQ—

WGBC

WTMJ

11:15 CDT a.m. CST 10:15

WGN—

11:30 CDT a.m. CST 10:30

KMOX—

WLW

WTAM—

WTM

11:45 CDT a.m. CST 10:45

WLW

11:55 CDT a.m. CST 10:55

KYW

WBBM—

WCFL

WENR—

WGN—

WHFL

WIND—

WJJD—

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ—

WIND

WISN

WLW—

WMAQ—

WSBC

WTMJ

WEDNESDAY CONTINUED

12:00 CDT p.m. CST 11:00

CBS—

CBS—

NBC

KYW—

WCFL

WMAQ—

WGBC

WTMJ

12:30 CDT p.m. CST 11:30

WGN—

12:45 CDT p.m. CST 11:45

KMOX—

WLW

WTAM—

WTM

1:00 CDT p.m. CST 12:00

WLW

1:15 CDT p.m. CST 12:15

KYW

WBBM—

WCFL

WENR—

WGN—

WHFL

WIND—

WJJD—

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

1:30 CDT p.m. CST 12:30

WCFL

WENR—

WGN—

WHFL

WIND

WISN

WLW—

WMAQ—

WSBC

WTMJ

1:45 CDT p.m. CST 12:45

CBS—

NBC—

WBBM—

WCFL

WGN—

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

2:00 CDT p.m. CST 1:00

CBS—

NBC

KYW—

WCFL

WGN—

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

2:15 CDT p.m. CST 1:15

WGN

WIND—

WJJD

WLS

WSBC

2:30 CDT p.m. CST 1:30

WTMJ

2:45 CDT p.m. CST 1:45

WJJD

3:00 CDT p.m. CST 2:00

CBS—

NBC

WBBM—

WCFL

WGN—

WIND

WJJD—

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

3:15 CDT p.m. CST 2:15

KYW

WCFL

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

3:30 CDT p.m. CST 2:30

KYW

WCFL

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

3:45 CDT p.m. CST 2:45

NBC

WBBM—

WCFL

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

4:00 CDT p.m. CST 3:00

CBS—

NBC

KYW

WCFL

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

4:15 CDT p.m. CST 3:15

CBS—

NBC

WBBM—

WCFL

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

4:30 CDT p.m. CST 3:30

NBC

KYW

WCFL

WENR

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

4:45 CDT p.m. CST 3:45

CBS—

NBC

KYW

WCFL

WENR

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

5:00 CDT p.m. CST 4:00

NBC

CBS—

NBC

KYW

WCFL

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

5:15 CDT p.m. CST 4:15

CBS—

CBS—

NBC

WCFL

WENR

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

5:30 CDT p.m. CST 4:30

NBC

KYW

WCFL

WENR

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

5:45 CDT p.m. CST 4:45

NBC

CBS—

NBC

WBBM—

WCFL

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WLW

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

AFTERNOON

1:00 Noon CDT CST a.m. 11:00

CBS—

NBC

WBBM

WCFL

WGN

WIND

WJJD

WLS

WMAQ

WSBC

WTMJ

High Spot Selections For Thursday

[illegible]

NIGHT

[illegible]

Half Million Votes for "Star of Stars"

[illegible]

Friday, June 22

MORNING

AFTERNOON

NIGHT

High Spot Selections For Friday

Sportcasts of the Week

Sport Shorts

Saturday, June 23

High Spot Selections For Saturday

MORNING

AFTERNOON

NIGHT

Bandstand and Baton

Myrt and Marge

Behind Scenes in Chicago Studios

By Harry Steele

[illegible]

Incidentally it was shortly after this nation-wide supplication that the drought was broken. Which puts NBC one up on its competitors and leaves them embarrassed as to a satisfactory occasion for retaliation.

[illegible]

Johnny Phillips
WENR-WLS announcer who keeps White Sox fans from suffer ng urgent spirits

[illegible]

WGN Springs Surprise

[illegible]

Just Fiddlin' Around

[illegible]

Alice Bridgers

[illegible]

Music in the Air

By Carleton Smith

(Time Given Is [illegible])

A [illegible] circumstances, [illegible] he was [illegible] about him. He had [illegible] except to [illegible] hopeless passion for [illegible]. The disappointment [illegible] more than his contemporaries his true greatness.

The music [illegible] quartet [illegible] NBC [illegible] could have [illegible] beauty as is in his [illegible] Quartet [illegible] mastery of musical means [illegible] his melodies [illegible] by any other. [illegible] like one of the songs [illegible] symphony [illegible] creation.

N[illegible] is [illegible] possible [illegible] hearing [illegible] The [illegible] small gen[illegible] makes playing difficult [illegible] be [illegible] and [illegible] spon[illegible] [illegible] gives it [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] we are [illegible] leave us again. This will be the final performance [illegible] June 24 [illegible] appearance before sailing for Europe [illegible] an entire program of piano solos [illegible] "Paganini" [illegible]

Detroit Symphony

THE Detroit Symphony's series from the [illegible] Century of Progress [illegible] this week-end. On Saturday evening, June [illegible] CBS [illegible] light miscellaneous program [illegible] Victory [illegible] composer [illegible] these concerts, the "Meditation" from Massenet's "Thais" [illegible] "The Dance" followed by [illegible] Saint-Saens [illegible] Danube [illegible] and selections from [illegible] opera "Pagliacci."

[illegible] these can be broadcast [illegible]

[illegible] CBS [illegible] "Toreador" [illegible] concert will be heard over the air. Mr. Kolar has chosen a somewhat more substantial program [illegible] his first Sunday [illegible] will begin with von Weber's overture to "Oberon," [illegible] Anton Dvorak's fifth Symphony "From the New World" and [illegible] "Entrance of the Gods [illegible]" from Wagner's music drama "Das Rheingold."

Those who hear the symphonies at [illegible] the [illegible] three [illegible] symphony when [illegible] and his Milwaukee [illegible] them [illegible] June [illegible] NBC [illegible] p. m.

"Swiss Music"

TWO things we [illegible] associate with the Swiss: their [illegible] and their [illegible] once in the Swiss Village [illegible] change your mind about their music [illegible] toward the Alps and the [illegible] from the balcony of the William [illegible] you can see and hear a real Alpine horn. And the yodeler [illegible] the restaurant and its food, are genuine Swiss, the same as [illegible] heard on a [illegible] night in the Engadine. Their [illegible] cannot be imitated and before long it [illegible] be broadcast. [illegible] pick-up could bring us no music more authentic or more interesting.

A genuine Balalaika [illegible] every Sunday morning [illegible] first [illegible] They [illegible] songs and [illegible] orchestra [illegible] in the voice [illegible]

The first broadcast of The Comedian Harmonists, Europe's most popular male singers, will be over NBC, June 16. No greater tribute can be paid to vocal art than that these singers bill themselves at home as singing "in the style of the Revelers."

[illegible] program "[illegible] Song" [illegible] To Rest [illegible] Andalouse" by [illegible] and [illegible] Chorus [illegible] June 16, NBC [illegible]

Harp enthusiasts will hear [illegible] play a Respighi arrangement of a [illegible] Schubert "Moment Musical" [illegible] "The Spring [illegible] Donkeys [illegible] Sunday [illegible]

A [illegible] music well arranged and [illegible] will be [illegible] on NBC Sunday, June [illegible] p. m.

[illegible] Mendelssohn [illegible] (Sunday [illegible] CBS [illegible] Abram [illegible] demonstrate [illegible] new system [illegible] piano [illegible] Sunday, June [illegible] CBS [illegible] illustrating [illegible] Melody [illegible] and the Merry [illegible] and a "March" by Bach.

Mixed Signals

[illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] through a [illegible]

[illegible] the conductor [illegible] Again they went [illegible]

Perhaps [illegible] the [illegible] suggested [illegible]

[illegible] the conductor [illegible] thought he meant the number [illegible] later.

Happy Birthday

JUNE 4th [illegible] *Ernestine Schumann-Heink* [illegible] birthday [illegible] Singing Brahms' Sapphic [illegible] Schumann-Heink [illegible] our link with the golden age of song."

[illegible] her [illegible] greetings and wishes for her many more years [illegible] made her [illegible] NBC at 9 [illegible] p. m.

Plums and Prunes

By Evans Plummer

P

Inside Pickups

Any Day Now

Ask Mr. Fairfax

Along the Airialto

Laughing Killer

(Continued from Page 11)

The man with the gun still was laughing. "Look at him sweat!" he said. Meisel was sweating, and shaking like a leaf.

"Come on!" implored the other. He started for the door.

"All right!" The man with the gun came toward Meisel. "You! Get in the washroom there, and make it snappy."

Meisel obeyed. His breath began to come a little easier. But he hated to turn his back to that gun. He got inside the washroom. As he turned to close the door, the man in the outer room cocked his head to one side, shut one eye, and fired.

It felt to Meisel as if a baseball bat had struck him across the abdomen. He crumpled silently to the floor of the washroom, with the wild, demoniac laughter of the killer ringing in his ears.

The gunman seemed to think all this was a great joke. "God, the guy was surprised!" he shouted, chuckling loudly.

Far up the street an auto horn honked twice. The gunman ran out of the filling station, and across the auto driveway. He was still laughing, laughing with a frenzied madness. He fired a shot into the air, in sheer defiance of all the world. Another he sent winging towards the gas pump, and a third at a pool of lovely iridescent oil on the concrete . . .

The high-speed, steel-jacketed bullet ricocheted back and stung him on the leg, changing the shrill laughter to a wild howl of pain. By a strange trick of fate, the laughing killer had found that after all, a joke may be pointed two ways! Across John R. Street fled the wounded maniac, and then there came the sound of a speeding auto racing away into the night through the mysterious, winding streets of Detroit.

Slowly, painfully, Morris Meisel crawled across the floor of the station, with one hand gripped at his stomach. He was much too numb to feel real pain yet, but there was a dreadful, slow paralysis which crept up, icy-cold, from his nerveless feet.

A few moments later a motorist driving down Warren Avenue saw a huddled white thing moving on the station driveway, and stopped with a screaming of brakes. Somehow he got the wounded man into the back seat of his sedan, and dashed to Canfield precinct station a few blocks away. There was no use of trying first aid—the cops put Meisel into a patrol car and rushed with sirens screaming to Receiving Hospital. As he lay on the operating table he gasped forth the story of what had happened, as far as he knew.

Before the surgeons had begun on him with their gleaming knives of mercy, the police cars of the Detroit area thrilled to a loud vibrant humming.

"Calling all cars—calling all cars—Teletype message 4027—attendant shot at gas station John R. Street at Warren—two men fled on foot—smaller one armed—light fedora hats—gray clothes—well-dressed—find those men—that is all—Station WCK . . ."

Over and over the droning voice of the police announcer sent this message through the ether from the station on Belle Isle. It was picked up and relayed by further stations in Toledo and points south. The State Police took it up as it came over the teletype, sending it out over the air waves to their own cruising cars all over Michigan. "Find those men!"

Squad cars darted through the narrow streets of Detroit, nosing into dark alleys, stopping all pedestrians, halting automobiles. Sirens screamed down Brand River, around the Boulevard, up Woodward Avenue.

Beer-gardens and speakeasies were turned out, the haunts of known criminals were combed . . . but to no avail.

The bandits had disappeared into the nowhere from which they had come!

Morris Meisel lay on a narrow cot in Receiving Hospital, with a circle of assistant prosecuting attorneys, detectives, doctors and nurses around him, watching him die the slow agonizing death of a man shot through the abdomen.

It is the death, certain, long-drawn out, and terrible, which gangdom usually reserves for its Jack Diamonds and Arnold Rothsteins. When a high-speed bullet has torn through the peritoneal wall and perforated the intestines, the victim's chances of living are very slight. He lingers for days, weeks sometimes, in fearful agony—with the overwhelming probability that the end will be death from peritonitis.

That was why district attorneys and detectives swarmed around the cot in Receiving Hospital. The sheer brutality and uselessness of the killing—it seemed the work of a madman! Meisel told, in a voice which steadily weakened, of the events leading up to the shooting and of the wild laughter which followed.

Meisel had to die. He knew that—knew it from the look in the nurse's face as she gave him the hypodermics which kept him from going mad with pain. He knew it from the strained note in the voices of the doctors, knew it by the dull stare which came into his mother's eyes when she thought he was asleep.

For three days and nights Mrs. Bessie Meisel sat in a chair near the white iron cot and watched her son die. He lingered almost exactly the same length of time that he had been able to hold his new job, the job in the filling station which had meant so much to both of them. His mother sat beside him, holding his hand when she could, waiting. There was nothing else for her to do, now or afterwards.

On the afternoon of August 17th Meisel repeated to Detective-Sergeant George McLellan all that he could remember of the shooting. He spoke slowly, carefully, searching his memory—for he knew that this was his last chance.

"They were young fellows, not more's twenty," he said finally. "Not fat, maybe weighing about 130 and 140 pounds apiece."

McLellan leaned over the dying man. "Can't you remember anything more? Anything at all?"

Meisel frowned, and his hand moved a little on the cover. Then his eyes narrowed. "The big one who searched me—he smelled of beer pretty strong . . ."

The nurse came in. "All right, kid," McLellan said cheerily. "We'll get them—don't you worry."

Morry Meisel smiled faintly. It didn't make much difference to him whether anybody was "got" or not. He was too close to "The Blackout."

McLellan came back to the headquarters of the homicide squad after his dinner that night and found that Meisel had passed on at 7:15. It was a case for the homicide squad all *right*—a case without a real clue. "Two young men, well-dressed, wearing light fedora hats!" It would fit almost anybody among Detroit's teeming million. But those two must be found, both the laughing killer and his henchman. The public was aroused, newspapers lead in their demands—and the cops who had seen Meisel dying as his old mother watched, dry-eyed and trembling, didn't need any added incentive to do better than their best.

The usual leads didn't get McLellan and his mates very far. The bullet which had torn its way through Meisel was found, as so often happens, in his clothing. It was a .32 slug. A few days after the shooting a citizen had come in with an automatic of Spanish make which he had found in an alley back of his house, one block from the filling

(Continued on Page 34)

Paul Crevat, one of the "Palm Garden Crowd" and buddy of the Laughing Killer, from a photograph taken after his arrest

Morris Meisel shown as he awaited death in Receiving Hospital, Detroit. His mother, seen at his bedside, was his constant companion as the end drew near

Mike O'Heron, pal of Craver and companion of Sammy Greene, as he looked when he faced the possibility of life behind prison bars

Laughing Killer

(Continued from Page 33)

station where Meisel was shot. Ballistics-expert James Payne reported that dual-microscopic comparisons proved that the bullet in question had been fired from the cheap Spanish automatic.

But the Spanish gun, like so many of its kind, bore no serial number and never had been registered. Smuggled into this country from Cuba or Mexico by rum-runners the police guessed.

"This is a case where we've got to contact the general public," police decided. There was no question of quizzing a million people in the Detroit area. Newspaper stories and appeals were limited, particularly in a city where a small percent of the population speaks English.

Brief appeals were made over two of the more important Detroit radio stations, asking for any information, however immaterial it might seem, about two men "in fedora hats" on the night when Meisel was shot.

On the very next day after the appeal over the commercial stations, an anonymous letter was received at headquarters. It read:

"I'm not signing my name to this because I don't want to get into any trouble. On the night when that Meisel guy was shot I was driving back to town, and about three miles out on the Grosse Point Road about three a. m. I stopped for gas at a station. There was a Ford roadster there with two guys in front and two in the rumble, and while the attendant was fixing their flat tire I heard them razzing one guy for shooting himself in the leg. They seemed to think it was a big joke on the guy they called Sammy."

The radio broadcast had netted a clue, after all!

The sleuths drew a circle around the filling station where Meisel was shot, with a radius of two miles. Then they set out to quiz the employees at every beer garden and "night club" within that area.

The job didn't turn out to be as slow as they had feared. Only three blocks from the filling station stood the Palm Gardens, a newly opened but none too successful beer garden. The Palm Gardens had a retired fighter known as Dizzy Dan who acted as footman, doorman, bouncer and general factotum around the place.

On the night of the Meisel shooting he had been standing at an open window in the "garden," trying to get a breath of fresh air. He hadn't heard any shots, but he had seen two young men come running out of an alley and climb into the rumble seat of a Ford roadster. At the same time two other youths had come along the sidewalk, climbed into the front of the Ford, and raced away.

McLellan tried an old dodge. "It was the last man into the car who was limping, wasn't it?"

"It was not!" said Dizzy Dan. "It was a little guy in a gray fedora, and he was the first one into the rumble seat. He limped like he had a sprained ankle."

Dan insisted that he wouldn't recognize any of the men if he saw them again.

They let the doorman go, and began to hang out in the place in the guise of casual patrons. McLellan and Wurm drank enough of the new, fizzy beer to give both of them indigestion, but they learned before long that the place was a hangout for a ring of juvenile delinquents.

One night, when McLellan's beer "sat" worse than usual, he got tired of soft-shoeing and ran in the whole crowd of tire-snatchers. Down at headquarters the youthful hoodlums seemed to take pride in their sudden elevation to the heights of police scrutiny. But they kept silent when questions were shot at them.

"Yeah," said McLellan. "Which one of you owns a new Ford roadster?"

The youngest of the suspects blurted out: "Listen, you're all wrong . . . that guy never did anything . . ."

"Okay," said McLellan. He stood up, and signalled to a number of homicide dicks who waited. "We'll each of us take one of these punks and have a long confidential chat" he said. "Come on, boys."

All through that night the detectives asked questions, over and over again. At four the next afternoon they gathered to compare notes.

Every time, up came the names of the same three young men—Mike O'Heron, Paul Craver, and Bob Schroeder. There had been a fourth man in the Ford roadster that night, but none of this gang knew his name.

"They've all four of them gone to Chicago," was the one point agreed upon by each of the hoodlums questioned.

But the events of the next few days were to change his mind.

A holdup wave struck Detroit, much as a hurricane might have struck a coastal city in Florida.

Detective-Sergeant McLellan guessed that the Meisel killers were not in Chicago, but were having high carnival in the streets of Detroit.

It was on the afternoon of August 26th that a chain-store manager telephoned police, shouting that his store had just been held up by two men who were just driving away in a Ford touring car. "I got part of the number!" he cried.

Two minutes later an officer in shirt-sleeves spoke into a transmitter on Belle Isle. "Calling all cars——" he began. "Two armed bandits just held up a grocery store at 13722 Linwood Avenue—two armed men with light fedora hats, gray clothes—escaped in small touring car—letter of license unknown—first two numbers are four and five—four and five—rest unknown. That is all."

Detectives Elijah Wasson and Dewey Hughes, of the Petosky Station, were driving slowly through the western part of the city in a radio cruiser. The radio message came in three times in the course of half an hour. The two fly-cops looked at each other. "Say, that's getting hot," Wasson remarked. "They might figure at HQ that it's the Meisel killers . . ."

They drove on, staring at number plates until their eyes ached. But there seemed very few cars in all Detroit which had the numerals "45——" following the first letter.

The first one which fitted the description was too large a limousine.

"We might as well get some dinner," said Elijah Wasson. Hughes at the wheel decided to make a turn, and made it so suddenly in the middle of the empty block that he scraped fenders with a small and unobtrusive car which stood at the curb.

Hughes backed away, surveyed the minor damage, and started on. But Detective Wasson gripped his arm so tightly that they very nearly had another smash.

"Wait!" He was half out of the door. "Look—the number on that flivver you nicked!"

It was true. The number was D497761.

The car was parked outside 3023 McGraw Avenue, a place which advertised "Elite Furnished Rooms".

More than that, no two of its five tires were mates—usually a pretty good indication that they had been acquired illegally, and the radiator was still warm!

Wasson and Hughes went up the steps and rang the bell. After a short wait a man answered.

"Only one double room left, five dollars apiece—want it?" he greeted them sourly.

"Sure if you get high-class tenants," said Wasson grimly. "That the door? Okay. Get out of sight, you."

The manager disappeared. Wasson knocked on the door of the third floor front. There was no answer.

He knocked again. The door was grudgingly opened, and a young and pretty blonde poked out her tousled mop. She was wearing transparent lingerie and not much of that.

This was something of a surprise to the two fly-cops. They looked at each other. Then Wasson spoke. "Say" he began, "who owns that Ford car outside? You can't park there without lights."

"You've got a lot of nerve walking in on a couple of ladies when they're dressing," she cried. "Can't a lady have any privacy?"

"You dames would have a lot more privacy if you'd throw out those two hoods under the bed," he said dryly. His gun came out, and Wasson's too.

The bedclothing had been disarranged so that the covers hung down to make a sort of curtain which concealed the space beneath. From under this curtain, as the two cops leveled stern orders, two young men crawled sheepishly.

So this was just another youthful "party"!

"Go ahead, get your clothes on," Wasson told the girls. The two young men stood against the wall, looking more embarrassed than guilty. "We'll make up our minds whether to hold you on vice charges."

Wasson got an idea. "Walk around a bit, you two." The young men walked. Neither of them limped.

"Wrong number," said Wasson. He sat down wearily on the bed, feeling very much at a loss. Then he jumped up as if he had been shot. Swiftly he tore covers and mattress away and uncovered three well-oiled pistols.

The radio car delivered the suspects to Headquarters where they had the rest of the night to think things over. Next morning the boys were dragged into the "Showup" corresponding to New York's famous Lineup of arrested persons. Inside of half an hour the two had been identified by the victims of no less than twelve holdups!

Foremost among the detectives in the Showup was Sergeant McLellan. He started to his feet when he heard the names of the two men. One was Lowell Maxon, and the other happened to be one Sammy Greene!

Sammy Greene! He wore a gray suit and a light fedora. He had a new scar on his leg where a bullet might have struck. He was small and dainty and thin-lipped, and his laugh was something to remember—or forget if you could. But Sammy Greene wasn't laughing much now. Within the week Sammy Greene was found guilty of robbery armed, and sentenced by Recorder's Judge John J. Sculles to serve ten to twenty years at Jackson State Prison. Maxon drew the same ticket.

"We'll crack down on the Palm Garden gang," decided the detectives.

It was easy enough. O'Heron and Craver, who undoubtedly knew something about the Meisel case, were already on probation for tire theft. They had violated the parole. Robert Schroeder, a hanger-on of the gang, was a personally likeable lad who had fallen into the wrong pathways at the age of nineteen.

Checking back, McLellan found that young Schroeder had lived formerly with his mother at 9975 Hecla Avenue. He had had a good chauffeur's job driving for a wealthy resident of Grosse Point, one Albert E. Wakefield. It was discovered that Schroeder had disappeared with one of Wakefield's cars on the day of the Meisel shooting! The car, it turned out, was a Ford roadster.

A description of the car and of the three fugitives was wired and radioed to all important cities in the United States.

Police at Lakeworth, Florida, missed them by an hour, but sent word that they had headed back north. A letter came to an aunt of one of the men saying that they'd be back "in two years". It was mailed in North Carolina.

The Detroit police and Sergeant McLellan kept grimly at it, sending out messages to sheriffs and chiefs of police. They waited patiently for a break . . .

It came, but it was a left-handed one. On August 29th Schroeder and his two pals in the stolen Ford roadster were arrested in the small town of Woodbury, New Jersey, by Sheriff Dan Shanahan, on a charge of stealing a suitcase.

Then followed a swift exchange of telegrams. Sheriff Shanahan hadn't received any of the broadcast information about the wanted men. When asked to hold them, he replied that they had proved title to the car, had been fined forty dollars for stealing a suitcase and had left town.

Shanahan wired back:

"Sorry stop your wire arrived thirty minutes after parties left town."

But every man sticks to his trade. On October 25th McLellan received a message from Los Angeles. Chief Davis of the California city informed Detroit authorities that one Robert Schroeder, arrested in a Ford roadster and charged with no less than 21 burglaries, seemed to fit descriptions of a man wanted in Detroit.

Schroeder went to San Quentin, but his pals were not wanted in Los Angeles, and they faded out of town. This time they headed east in a Buick coupe with a California license SR7153.

"They're on their way back," decided Sergeant McLellan. "They think it's all blown over."

On the night when the information was received from Los Angeles, the Detroit police radio at Belle Isle blared forth.

"Teletype 3653—calling all cars—arrest all occupants in 1928 Buick coupe with California license SR7153—if car found unoccupied have plant placed on same and notify Sergeant McLellan of Homicide squad at once—use caution in approaching the occupants of this car—that is all—WGK."

Ten minutes after the humming of the radio died away, scout car 42 came rolling along West Grand Boulevard. In the front seat were Patrolmen Gaylard Traver and Richard Cook. They pulled alongside a worn Buick coupe with a California license that leaped out at them!

Traver let off the siren, which howled like a myriad of hunted devils, and startled the occupants of the Buick half out of their wits.

The self-styled tough guys never made a move. There was no bed for them to crawl under, and so they came out into the street, hands to the sky.

It was Craver who finally cracked. He was afraid that he'd be pulled into the Meisel job, which he'd learned about after it was done. He squawked . . .

"Sammy Greene did it," said Craver. "We didn't know him. He was a pal of O'Heron's. He'd been hurt, he said. Had a limp. So Schroeder stole the car which he had borrowed from his boss, and we all went to Chi. When we got there we found that some guy got shot in the job O'Heron and Greene pulled. O'Heron didn't know that. We ditched Greene and started across country, selling tires."

McLellan rubbed his hands together. At last the case was complete.

Greene was snatched from Jackson State Prison on a murder warrant. He and his friend O'Heron both pleaded not guilty on October 30, 1933 and a few days later both men were sent up to Jackson for the remainder of their natural lives. It was exactly two months and fifteen days since the moment when Sammy Greene had thought it such a great joke to fire off his pistol at the frightened Morris Meisel.

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of crime mysteries in which radio served the law. Writers, Police Officers, Detectives and any one else in possession of authentic cases, are especially invited to earn these rewards.

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"THE LAST ROUNDUP"

another stirring mystery story in the series "Calling All Cars," in which three Western bad men and killers fail to take into account the powers of radio.

SAVE THIS PORTRAIT FOR YOUR ALBUM

MORTON DOWNEY

As He Appears Under the

MIKEroscope

By Lee Mortimer

Morton Downey's success has surpassed even his most sanguine dreams, yet the main ambition of his life still remains unfulfilled. That is to play Poli's Theater in Hartford. As a kid, back in Connecticut, he used to sit in Poli's gallery and spin castles in the air about the day when he, caparisoned in silks and satins, would caper onto its magnificent stage. Now after playing almost every important theater in the world, Morton has missed Poli's.

Morton Downey was born on November 14, 1901, in Wallingford, Connecticut, a town doubtless named after the great "Get-Rich-Quick." He went to school in Wallingford as far as second year high. Then at the age of fourteen he took a job as office boy in a Hartford insurance company. Prior to this time, in fact, ever since he'd been eight, Morton had been singing at club affairs, smokers, church sociables, et cetera, earning as much as four dollars per evening. This was just half of what he got for an entire week's work in the insurance company.

After running errands for three months Morton Downey decided that his star lay elsewhere. The war had just started. Morton enlisted—rather attempted to enlist—in the Navy. His father notified authorities that he was less than sixteen. As a result he was held in the air until his folks picked him up.

Morton then blossomed forth as a counter boy in a restaurant, then as laborer in a silver factory. Neither of these jobs paid more than $12 a week, and as the young man now was able to earn from $8 to $30 a night singing at smokers, he decided to devote the rest of his life to song.

Like so many other hopeful youths Morton came on to New York, living with relatives in Brooklyn. The relatives had a friend who managed the old Sheridan Square Theater in Greenwich Village. Morton was signed up for two weeks at $40 a week. He sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

Downey's greatest fame is a direct result of radio. His first broadcast was made over WEAF in 1922 when that station was located in lower New York in the Telephone Building. He had a tremendous kick when told that people as far away as Forty-Second Street could hear him.

His next broadcasts were made in 1926 in England over the BBC. During the following year he made his first American commercial appearance for Hudson-Essex.

Morton eats plain foods, steaks, roast beef medium, chops, et cetera. He used to get away with a lot of grub, but has cut down in an attempt to lose weight. In the last year he has lost 35 pounds and wants to take off twenty more. His present weight is 182. He's five feet nine and a half inches tall.

He'll be married six years come January. He met his wife, the former Barbara Bennett, when both were playing in RKO's "Syncopation." After they knew each other three weeks she went to Palm Beach for a vacation. One day later Morton got her on long distance with this request: "How about coming back? It'd be nice for us to get hooked up." She came back. They got hooked up.

The Downeys have two children, both boys. Michael, age three and a half, and Sean (pronounced Shawn) Morton, 18 months. Another baby is on the way. Morton hopes it's a girl.

His favorite male radio entertainer is Bing Crosby. Of the women, he likes Nellie Revell because of her homely philosophy. Favorite movie actor is Richard Bennett; favorite movie actress, Joan Bennett; favorite stage thespian, Richard Bennett; favorite stage actress, Barbara Bennett. She's been his favorite ever since he saw her in "The Dancers." Denies that his choice of Bennetts is because he's married to one of them.

Morton usually wears dark clothes and solid ties. His favorite color is blue. He gets a haircut once a week. If he doesn't his neck looks like Strangler Lewis'. He has dark brown hair and greenish blue eyes.

Next to sleep and reading comic strips, his favorite relaxation is driving a fast car.

MORTON DOWNEY

Ramo Gomo will place some celebrity Under the MIKEroscope every week. Save the picture on this page. There will be 52 in a full set. This is the tenth. You will get one picture a week for an entire year. To every person who sends to Ramo Gomo a complete collection of 52, will be given an album containing the entire group of photographs as reproduced here; the photographic reproductions will be in fine finish.

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Next Week:

Radio Guide Chosen To Conduct Official Election for Radio's 1934 Queen of Beauty

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THE LAST ROUNDUP, A POLICE THRILLER

World's Cavalcade

A radio version of the world-wide cavalcade, crystallizing in dramatics the crowded twenty years from 1914 to 1934, will be presented by the Columbia network on the night of June 28. This marks the 20th anniversary of the beginning of the World War.

The drama is a fast-moving kaleidoscopic mosaic of two hectic decades, starting with the untimely assassination of the Archduke of Austria, and flashing back to England, France, Italy and the United States as the various countries declared war on the central powers. It will be punctuated by those dramatic, soul-stirring episodes such as the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the signing of the Armistice, and later the Versailles Treaty, the march of progress following the war, the overthrow of monarchy, the rise and reign of dictatorships and the more peaceful pursuits of scientific achievements epitomized by the Lindbergh Atlantic flight, concluding with the world-wide fight against depression.

The research necessary to give authentic details to each episode required more than nine months of the untiring effort of Charles Tazewell, who has presented the story and script. Forty-five actors have been selected to play the parts, many of them for their ability to imitate the voices of personalities of the two decades.

In this connection Courtenay Savage, dramatic director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, has searched the world for phonograph records carrying the voices of such men as Clemenceau, Marshall Foch, Lloyd George, President Wilson, King George and others who play a prominent part in his historic dramatizations.

Four studios will be required to handle the program as the panorama swerves from one scene to another in rapid succession. Eight sound-effects men have been working for the past three weeks preparing speech contraptions to project an accurate setting for the drama. A crowd of sixty supers is being trained to add realism to the crowd effects and the hysteria that accompanies many of the scenes.

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28x4.75-19	2.45	.95
29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

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Size	Tires	Tubes
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31x4	2.95	.85
32x4	2.95	.85
33x4	2.95	.85
34x4	3.25	.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
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33x5	3.75	1.45
35x5	3.95	1.55

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